THE SPHERE

Vol. CXLI No. 1838

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC

APRIL 13 1935

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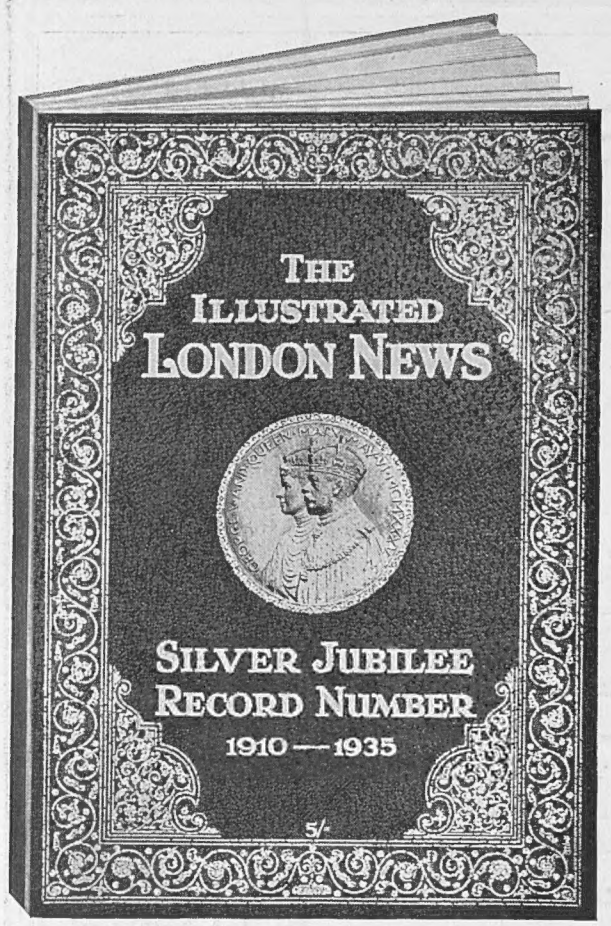


# PLACE YOUR ORDER NOW FOR OUR JUBILEE NUMBERS

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*The price of this Record Number of the King's Twenty-Five Years' Reign will be Five Shillings. (Including postage and packing: Inland, 5/9; Foreign, 6/1; Canada and Newfoundland, 5/4. If sent by Registered Post, 3d. extra in each case.)*

## MAY 4 ISSUE (TWO SHILLINGS)

This Number, which will be superb from cover to cover, with a quantity of colour, will deal with their Majesties in person, showing what their beneficent reign has done for the Nation. The issue of May 4 will deal chiefly with the personalities of our Great King and Queen. It will not be in a sense a history of the twenty-five years' reign, but will show how much the Royal House means to the loyal subjects of the Crown.

In addition, all the preliminaries of the Jubilee Celebrations will be dealt with *in-extenso*. The chief participants, the preparations and the staging of the great events will be illustrated in colour and in monochrome, so that the Number will form an admirable guide to the pomp and splendour of the following week.

## MAY 11 ISSUE (TWO SHILLINGS) COVERING ACTUAL CEREMONIES

The issue will contain all the best illustrations of the actual ceremonies dealing with the Silver Jubilee, in such a way that even those who are unable to witness them will be almost able to feel that they were present in person.

The processional ride of Their Majesties and the ceremony in St. Paul's will be presented in a specially spacious way.

Everything of interest dealing with the actual events of the most eventful days will be covered most strikingly so that the Number will be a permanent record of the rejoicings and thanksgivings for the reign of the King and Queen.

This will not be in any way a retrospective number; it will be of an entirely topical character and will be one that everyone who rejoices with us in the fortunate completion of Their Majesties' twenty-five years of unremitting efforts for the good of their Country, must procure and keep as a memento of the great occasion.

## THE SPHERE
### MAY 4 (TWO SHILLINGS)

The issue of "The SPHERE" for May 4th (the Saturday preceding the actual day of celebration, Monday, May 6), will take the form of a record of the King's reign from May 6, 1910 (the day of his accession) to the present day.

The chief feature of this issue will be a personal narrative from the very able pen of one who has shared in many of the great incidents of the reign. It will appear under the title of "Twenty-five Years a King" and will be copiously illustrated from all available sources. Many of the events have been pictured by Mr. F. Matania, R.I., "The SPHERE'S" leading black and white artist. and a study of the wealth of material which the Editor is preparing reveals the fact that this record should prove a veritable cavalcade of pictorial splendour.

Many of the outstanding events will be pictured in full colours. Portrait painters of note will contribute studies of the King and Queen with scenes in the Royal residences. A special separate plate-portrait of His Majesty will be included.

### MAY 11 (TWO SHILLINGS)

Every preparation is being made to make "The SPHERE" of May 11 a splendid, almost a living picture of the events in celebration of the Silver Jubilee of the King's reign.

This issue will form a record of the actual ceremonies, Royal and Civic, with which the wonder week of May will be marked. The foremost black and white artist of the day, Mr. F. MATANIA, R.I., will picture a number of the main incidents, and will be supported by a band of distinguished artists specially selected and commissioned for this issue.

All the pictures will have actuality quality which have distinguished "THE SPHERE" in past years, and which will undoubtedly give this issue its special value as an historic document.

Special subjects will be reproduced in colour and the whole will be bound within a cover of exceptional artistry, designed by Millar Watt. It will convey in decorative form the sense of timeliness which lies within and will be a worthy addition to the family treasures.

## SPORTING AND DRAMATIC
### MAY 3 (TWO SHILLINGS)

The Special Royal Jubilee Number of "The Illustrated Sporting & Dramatic News" will contain a complete pictorial and literary record of His Majesty's life as a sportsman. His career and achievements as a shot, yachtsman, race-horse owner, dog-breeder and farmer will be dealt with in detail by recognised authorities.

Lieut.-Col. Cyril Foley will describe His Majesty's brilliant career as one of the best shots in the world.

Major B. Heckstall Smith, recognised as a world-wide authority on yachting, writes with first-hand knowledge of the King's many successes with "Britannia," aboard which Major Heckstall Smith has sailed on many occasions.

The royal stables and bloodstock will be described by Mr. Cecil Leveson-Gower.

His Majesty's gundogs will be specially illustrated and described by our Kennel Editor, Mr. A. Croxton Smith. A special set of photographs, for which royal permission was obtained, will be given.

In addition a handsome coloured plate of His Majesty's well-known Clumber Spaniel, "Sandringham Spark," will be presented with this issue.

This will be the first of a series of "FAMOUS DOGS" which will be given away in subsequent numbers.

The issue will also contain a number of beautiful coloured plates showing the King yachting and racing, and a set of privately taken and hitherto unpublished photographs of His Majesty shooting, the publication of which the King has graciously permitted in The SPORTING & DRAMATIC NEWS.

## YOU ARE ADVISED TO PLACE DEFINITE ORDERS IN ADVANCE FOR THESE SILVER JUBILEE NUMBERS

*Readers, and especially those readers who live overseas, are advised to order their copies NOW from newsagent or bookstall, or from our publishing office, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. This is necessary to avoid disappointment, as the demand will certainly exceed the supply, very large as that supply will be.*

## The TATLER, The SKETCH, BYSTANDER

These popular favourites will be issued on the ordinary day of publication (Wednesday) in the weeks before, during and after the Celebrations. These will sell at the usual price of One Shilling.

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, April 13, 1935

# A Rebuff for Germany

## The Nazis Fail to Gain Complete Control of the Free City of Danzig

During the past two years Germany has been making an united effort to regain those territories lost to her under the Treaty of Versailles, but on Sunday the Nazis received a severe setback in the elections at Danzig when they failed, in the face of a 40 per cent. adverse vote, to gain complete control of the Parliament of the Free City. The National Socialist leaders in the district are bitterly disappointed, for they had expected a repetition of the overwhelming majority won in the Saar, which would have allowed them to appeal to the League of Nations for a change in the constitution. It was not to be, however, in spite of the last-minute effort of Dr. Goebbels who closed a fiercely fought election campaign with a remarkable speech in his most defiant manner. The Reich Minister of Propaganda is seen here inspecting the guard of honour of Danzig troops which was drawn up to receive him on his arrival at the station. Walking behind him, and slightly to the right, is the President of the Senate, Arthur Greiser

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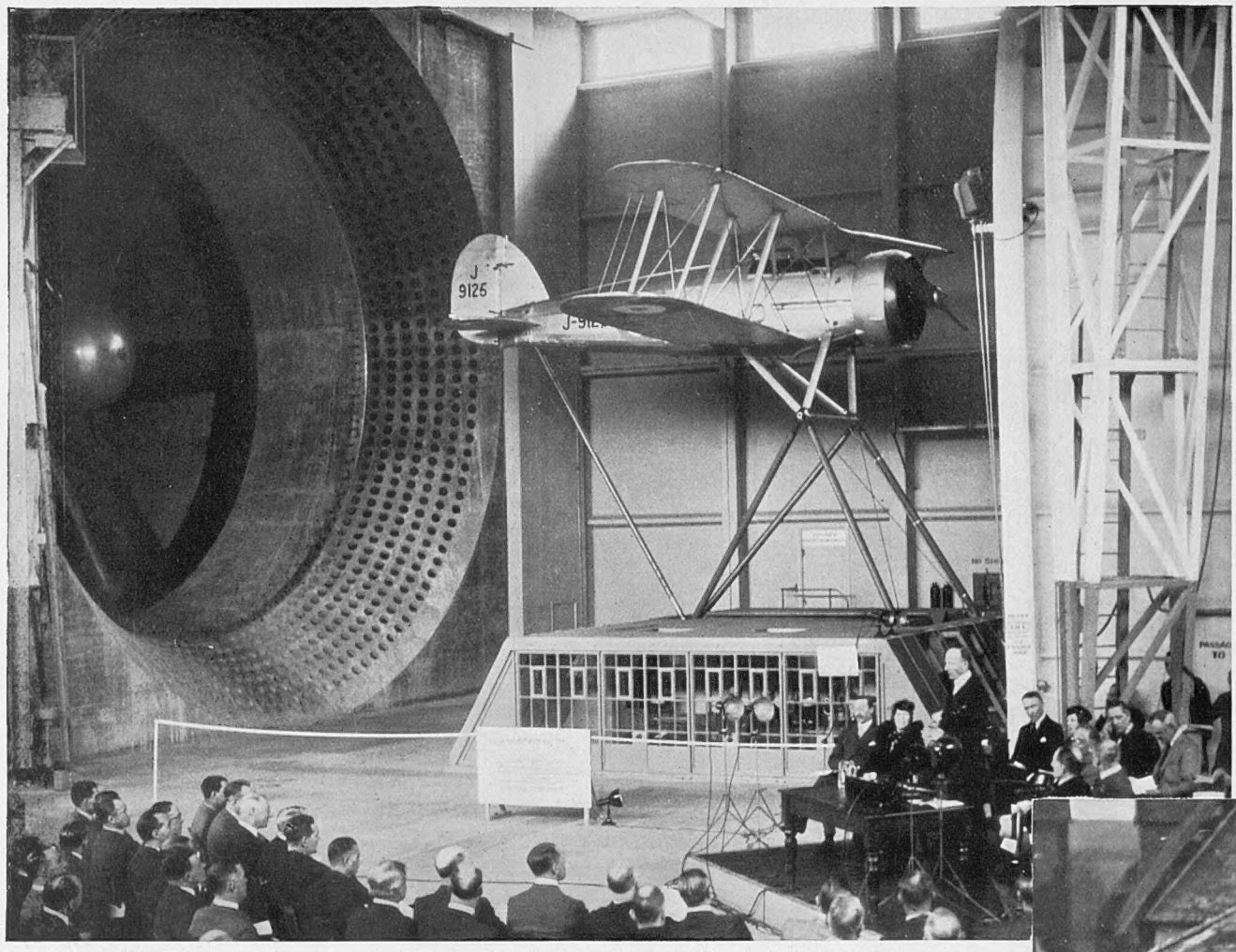


AN IMPORTANT R.A.F. INNOVATION: Lord Londonderry, Secretary of State for Air (*right*) speaking at the inauguration of the new wind tunnel which has been set up at the Royal Aircraft Establishment at Farnborough, Hants, and is to be used for testing the efficiency of aeroplanes under conditions similar to those encountered when flying. This is the first full-size tunnel of its kind in this country, and the huge fan seen in this picture is capable of sucking air across the open space, where the aeroplane is set, at speeds up to 115 miles per hour

THE FALLEN IDOL: Golden Miller leading Miss Dorothy Paget's stri... training quarters of Mr. D. Snow at Eastbury, Berks, whither they... disagreement between their owner and Mr. Briscoe, the... over Golden Miller's dismal performance at Aintree, when he ... and in the Champion Steeplechase, for both of which race...

# A LONDON NEWSLETTER

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, April 10, 1935.

MR. DE VALERA "CLEARS THE AIR."—Mr. de Valera gave a very outspoken interview to the Press last week and made a number of controversial points. The gist of his argument seems to have been: Ireland must be a Free Republic and must for ever reject the Crown as a symbol of association with the Empire. The "partition" of Northern Ireland from the Free State was an outrage of the British Government and contrary to the majority will of Ulster. Once united and totally free and independent, Ireland would not be unwilling to enjoy her share of the commercial and other benefits which the constituent units of the British Empire enjoy. Meanwhile, in the face of difficulties, his plan for developing and building up manufacturing industries proceeds, even with embarrassing speed, while Ireland is developing encouraging markets for her agricultural products. These statements are very arresting. To the average Englishman they seem to give proof that Mr. de Valera is an idealist from whom the naked truth is sometimes hidden. Yet I for one do not class him with a certain well-known, if small, element in Ireland whom the very words "England" and "Englishman" will lash to a blind fury, and who blame living Englishmen and the England of to-day for the tyrannies and shortsightedness of bad government in the past four centuries; political crimes due of course not to race but to the state of political morality and social conditions of past centuries. Such Anglophobes are just comic figures, "stage Irishmen." Mr. de Valera is surely not such as they. An idealist, of course, but I believe his declaration that he is not and will not be actuated by a blind hatred of England. The dilemma remains, therefore, as follows: either we in England are totally misinformed as to the present economic conditions of the Free State and of the political opinions of Northern Ireland, or Mr. de Valera, sincere in his ideals, temperate and coolly constructive, is totally blind to what is going on under his very nose. For the other picture revealed through the Press to us is: a Free State uncomfortably divided by promising elements of civil war; a Free State driving on to the rocks of bankruptcy, her vital industry of agriculture in despair or at the least in revolt, and drifting to ruin; and finally a Northern Ireland united in one resolve—to die in the last ditch rather than to throw in her lot with the Free State and her visionary ideals, or to sever her connection with Crown and Empire. It is indeed a queer business.

EVEREST AGAIN.—Once more (as some time back I was told was likely) the Tibetan authorities have withdrawn their caveat on another attempt on Everest. The Tibetan's admiration for the pluck, good fellowship and tact of British expeditions smoothed away the obstacles which superstition and "slow-motion" procedure cast in the way of this determination to wrest the last secret of the earth's surface from Nature. The tutelary genius, the perhaps-angry gods, are once more to be disturbed on their last high reserve. Attempts on Everest grow in number. The first was in '21. Again in '22, '24, and '33. Evere t is to-day linked with the names of many famous climbers; among them, Charles Meade, Irvine and Mallory who lost their lives in the "last lap" of the '24 expedition, and latest, Mr. Hugh Ruttledge and his team. Mr. Ruttledge will lead again. His book on the '33 attempt is fresh in memory. In it he anticipated this new consent by the Tibetan authorities, and set out the gist of the problems and conditions, the favourable issue of which will make possible the final "dash" over that last 1,000 ft. "Dash" is a queer word to use. The two men chosen to attempt that last lap will have passed the previous "night" (4 p.m. to 5 a.m.) on a precipice edge, hardly able to breathe, unable to raise cocoa to lukewarm point; and if the conditions make it possible, will advance with leaden feet, each step a fearful effort and a frightful risk. Even to-day the nature of the going over the final 500 ft. is a complete mystery. Those last paces may contain two or more barriers insuperable by men in that condition. The vital points now for consideration on this (surely final) attempt, are: Can the last two camps be pushed a few feet higher still? The great and vexed question of altitude acclimatisation, and when the process should begin. The nature of the last-lap foodstuffs and their calorific and vitamin content, and their relation to rationing at lower altitudes. The eternal question of oxygen and whether its usefulness can justify the weight of the apparatus. The date of the attempt and whether the "picked two" should be allowed to make a trial attempt at any date other than that finally adjudged as "psychological." "Ordinary" problems are: the choice of porters—those splendid men and brothers who will rally again to Mr. Ruttledge—transport questions, questions of tent fabrics and design, and medical and rationing problems generally, from the "ideal" in porters' foot-wear down to still more tremendous and microscopic details.

"ETON FOR POOR BOYS."—I shall launch no contentious bomb if I remark that headlines (composed with the best intentions) may sometimes prove misleading. For brevity, though the soul of wit, cannot always be the heart of truth. Thus the widely chosen slogan, "Eton for poor boys," which titled many reports of a recent utterance of Dr. Cyril Norwood, did not fairly represent the kernel of his argument that selected elementary school boys should be specially prepared at State expense for entrance to the leading public schools. The headline suggested many contentious ideas of which Dr. Norwood was guiltless. For example, that he, who was headmaster of Harrow, had chosen Eton as the "dog" on which to try an experiment in democracy. And again, that Eton was above all the public school sacred to rich boys. Dr. Norwood did not pick out Eton, and would not deny that the sons of the very rich are found in great numbers at Harrow, and that scores of poor men's sons are continually educated at Eton. His plan cannot be compressed into a four-word headline, and perhaps on that account it is worth scrutiny. He suggested that a few boys from elementary schools should be annually selected by tests of character, personality, and intellectual ability to undergo at State expense a special preparatory course for entrance to the leading public schools under a scheme of scholarship which the public school foundations might be willing to finance. He considered that this leavening of the recognized public school element of upper and upper middle-class boys with an element drawn from the most promising of the youth of the lower classes would introduce an entirely new idea of education, and would have a most valuable effect in creating understanding, and therefore confidence between classes, and go far to shatter what remains of class barriers and snobbishness. I agree with him. His plan is not entirely novel—Eton has long considered it—but it concretes an idea which sooner or later the public schools, if they are to survive, will have to adopt. Since the War the public schools have had an easy time of it in some ways. The demand for public school education has exceeded the supply, and small schools have grown into large and gained in *hubris* with confidence. But inexorable statistics foreshadow a change now. If they are to keep their numbers and their popularity as educational institutions, the public schools must henceforth give better value for money. Their fees must be lowered; the charges which go to increase so largely the disclosed terminal fees must be rigorously pruned; and the education provided must be revised so as to afford a more practical training for life. And while these reforms are being carried out,

economic necessity will itself insist that the scholars be recruited from a wider class than at present. Dr. Norwood's scheme would at least show how the inevitable of the future would look and work in the present, and it might well teach very useful lessons. For it would show what elementary education still lacks in inculcating the humanities and tastes, and where public school education still lags behind in combining what is practical and liberal with what is uplifting and adorning.

**BUDGET RUMOUR.**—Budget rumour took wing and began to enjoy its "little day"—it usually has a fortnight of life—on All Fools' Day. It was "authoritatively anticipated" that "though there would be no prospect whatever of any relief from direct taxation," yet the reductions in income-tax allowances made in the Budget of '31 might in whole or part be restored. For which relief (which is direct enough for me) much thanks! Those reductions were about 33 per cent. in personal allowance, one-sixth in children's allowance, and in "Half Standard Rate," while super-tax was increased by 10 per cent. I cannot feel very hopeful of concessions in this field. We are going to spend a lot more in the new financial year, and we shall be lucky to get off without increased burdens. For the Chancellor cannot expect any further large increase in revenue from

string of jumpers en route to the they have been transferred following a previous trainer. The trouble arose he failed both in the Grand National races he started a hot favourite

income-tax receipts, although the "slump-year average" is being shed away. But these optimistic forecasts are as much a sign of spring as the return of the chiff-chaff, and as established an institution as the Lord Mayor's Show. It would be a very disturbing sign if Budget optimism were not in the air on or about April Fools' Day.

**STOCK EXCHANGE RUMOUR.**—The Stock Exchange is notorious for its power to "fret itself in vain." It cannot be held up as a model of courage, steadfastness, and restraint. Sometimes it is like a pack of old women in times of crisis or idleness. It is prone to sow the seeds of panic deliberately and to run screaming from the flowers that grow. Thus "well-authenticated" information from a safe source (with chapter and verse) came to the city that Hitler's pronouncement at Berlin to Sir John Simon left Sir John dithering and white to the lips. Hitler's immediate agenda, as announced, were baldly these:

(1) To create a bigger army than in 1914,
(2) A bigger navy,
(3) An air force larger than that of any other Power,
(4) And to recover all her colonies.

As regards (4) the S.E. saw serious and oblique crises springing from this item. For example, while Britain might willingly hand back the doubtful asset of German East, South Africa would view the rendition less favourably and so a first-class Imperial problem would arise. Hence a deep depression over "the Street." One would think the city had plenty to do to deal with the problems on the table without anticipating horrors to be or not to be. I have no patience with those top-hatted gossips and panic-makers.

**MISS WETHERED AND HER TALENT.**—Miss Joyce Wethered, the perfect woman golfer, has fixed up an exhibition tour of the States; under the terms of her contract she will be paid about £40 a round of 18 holes, plus a share of the profits. I reckon that without tiring herself she will be able to earn about £2,500 in those two-and-a-half months (or an annuity of £100 in perpetuity); £2 a hole does indeed combine pleasure with business. Someone speaking of it to me groaned and quoted "just for a handful of silver, etc." What *bunk!* Miss Wethered long ago gave up regular amateur competition golf and has been earning her living as a departmental sports adviser. It appears that in tennis and golf—the two games which beyond all others delight and attract the crowd as spectacles—you may earn money *through* your talent and remain an amateur, but if you seek to do so directly by your talent you become a professional. Miss Wethered, I presume, is obviously a better workman when playing golf than when theorising about it; so is Perry more deserving of monetary reward as a practical exponent of lawn tennis than as a journalistic theorist, or as a film star in any line of business but the one in which he excels. In my view, Miss Wethered is not only wise but honest in taking money (since she needs money) for her great talent instead of earning a living from a talent not so remarkable in order to maintain her amateur status. Games like golf and tennis cannot to-day be played to perfection unless they are treated as professions—no one denies it. And it is still true that the cobbler should stick to his last. The doctor, the barrister, the journalist, is paid for his skill and, as far as I can see, the only grounds of objection to the first-class golf and lawn-tennis players doing the same thing are based on the fear that the chief attractions will be thereby seduced from great money-making spectacles. I hope Miss Wethered's example will be widely followed and that all who have the skill will make themselves independent and "spoil the Egyptians" while the going is good.

**THE MAKING OF A SAINT.**—The canonizations of Bishop Fisher and Sir Thomas More proceed from Consistory to Consistory. They lived as saints and died as martyrs 400 years ago, and as is the way of saints, they were human and gay and the best of good company. We know most about More, that worthy of Chelsea, author of the best-seller in Latin, the *Utopia*, that serio-comic fantasy which has had many successors, such as *Erewhon*, and for that matter, *Land under England*. He was reluctantly Chancellor to Henry VIII, and went to pieces on the rocks of the Katherine of Aragon divorce and the sharp claws of Anne Boleyn. It is from the writings of Erasmus that we get the lion's share of our information about him and the customs of the England of his day. More's character was peculiarly dear to Englishmen and would be so to-day. He loved laughter and hated shams and conventions and class prejudice and all that kills natural gaiety, innocence, and fellowship, and he attacked the things he hated by means of ridicule. A part of his garden is very much a garden still in select and delightful Chelsea.

**CYCLIST TRACKS.**—The social historian of the future, it may be, will decide that in the great road traffic problems of the 1930's, those associations representing the interests of various types of road users played at times a rather short-sighted and too partial part. Last week the Cyclists' Organizations (which are ancient and distinguished) staged a great protest against the "segregation" of cyclists to special tracks. It is not very easy to understand the average cyclist's objection to a special track. Those who have seen such tracks in working order in Holland (e.g., between Rotterdam and Delft) would instantly withdraw their objections. But even the theoretical objection is puzzling. The hiker would thank Heaven, fasting, for private rights of way for walkers; the motorists welcome speed tracks confined to their sole use; the horsemen fight for grass verges and bridle ways. Only the cyclist refuses to be saved. He bands himself into suicide clubs, and reckless of the consequences sometimes rides four-abreast on the crown of the road. His mind remains in the "naughty-nineties" condition, when it was pleasant to take the road on the new bicycle and to drink in the beauty of spring, and once in a mile, when the vicar's daughter passed in the governess cart or the butcher's boy flashed by on his fast-trotting round, to drink in the dense dust of macadam. Those days are gone. The high road (always improved) is never wide enough or safe enough for all classes of users. Let us grant that each such class is deserving of blame, thanks to a very small leavening in the great mass of careful road-users. It is bitter to realize how tiny is the percentage of car-drivers, cyclists, and walkers who make the roads unsafe and slow-down restrictions necessary. But there it is! If offered solitude, peace, ease, and safety, would anybody living to-day, unless a half-wit, reject the offer?

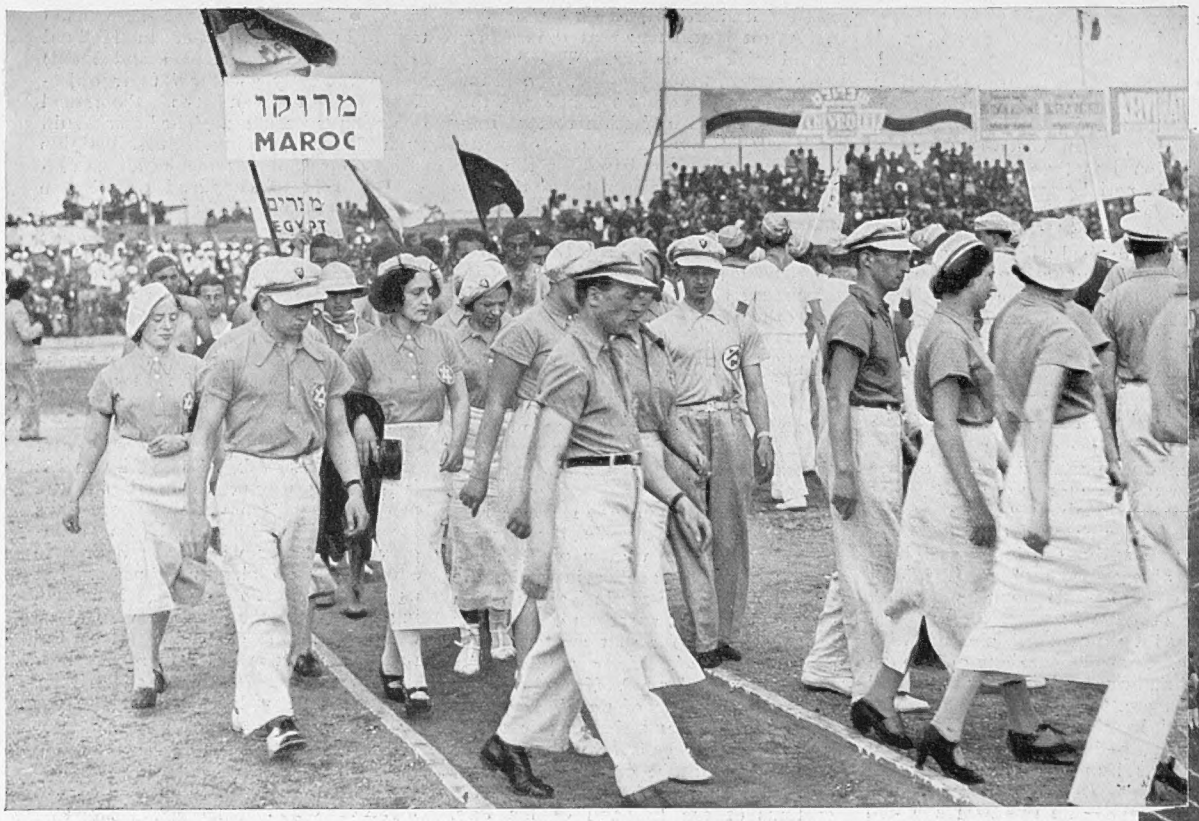
**THE JUBILEE PROCESSION.**—I am glad to see that an official announcement has scotched a rumour which was growing and seriously affecting good business in the sale of seats for the procession to St. Paul's. The evil rumour was to the effect that the procession would be but four or five carriages with a Sovereign's escort. Now it is clear that several Indian Princes will be in the King's procession, and that the Queen of Norway, the Prince of Wales, and the Duke of Gloucester will take the same route; while the married Princes, the Dukes of York and Kent, with the Duchesses and the young Royal Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret Rose, will precede the Prince of Wales. Ahead of the Royalties will drive the Colonial Premiers' procession.

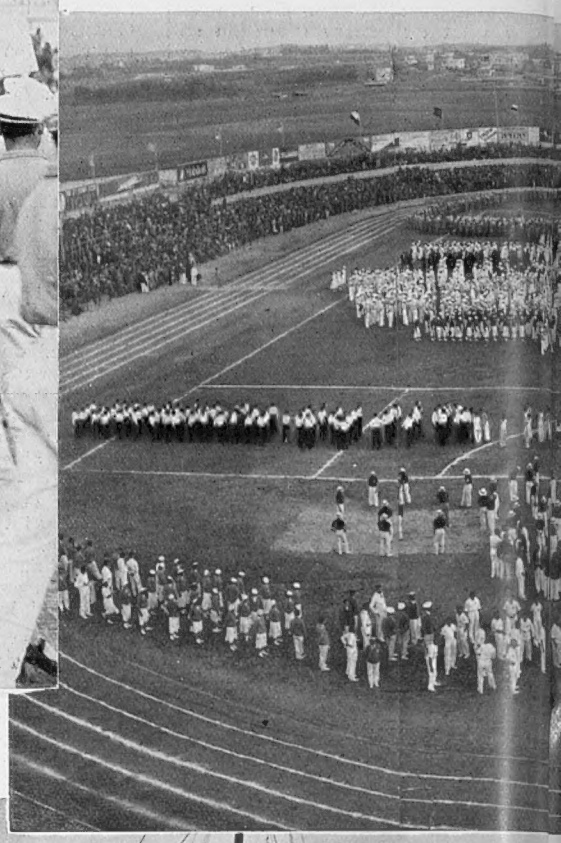
THE OLD STAGER

Members of the G.W.R. Operatic Society taking part in the re-enacting of the arrival at Maidenhead in 1838 of the first train run to the town from Paddington. This dramatic scene is to be included in the film which is to be shown during the forthcoming centenary celebrations of the Great Western Railway

RAILROAD HISTORY ON THE SCREEN

# PASSING PAGEANT

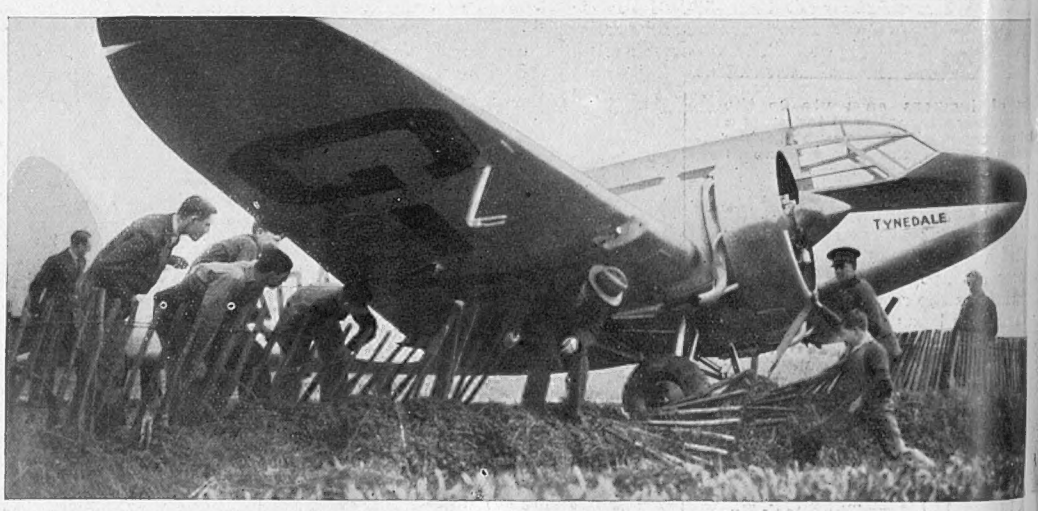


THE SECOND MACCABIAH: Two pictures taken at the Jewish Athletic Festival held recently at Tel-Aviv, Palestine, and which was attended by athletes from all parts of Europe and Northern Africa. *Above*—Representatives of Morocco. *On right*—A general view of the vast stadium showing some of the competitors and the vast concourse of over 40,000 spectators. There were also present 5,000 members of the Maccabi organisation

"VOTE FOR THE NATIONAL SOCIALISTS": An example of the elaborate methods of propaganda employed during the election campaign in Danzig. Polling took place on Sunday, and the result was a decided setback for the Nazis

HER LAST VOYAGE: The yacht *Welcome*, which once belonged to the German Emperor moored at Grays in the Thames Estuary where she arrived last week to be broken up. The vessel was built at Stettin in 1897



A NARROW ESCAPE: Mrs. Anthony Eden, wife of the Lord Privy Seal, is seen in the picture on the extreme left christening one of the 'planes when inaugurating at Yeadon, Yorks, the new London — Leeds — Newcastle — Edinburgh air service. On returning to Heston the machine in which she was flying crashed into a fence as shown above, and on the left Mrs. Eden is seen alighting, smiling and unhurt, after her alarming experience

THE MAN OF THE MOMENT: Mr. Anthony Eden being greeted by his wife on his return to England from his European tour which proved so strenuous that he is now suffering from heart trouble

# A Pictorial Record of Home, Imperial, and Foreign Happenings

*On right*—A FOND FAREWELL: The scene on the quayside at Wellington as Lord Bledisloe, the retiring Governor-General of New Zealand, left for home after the completion of his term of office. His Excellency, who is known as an expert agriculturalist, was extremely popular in the Dominion

OXFORD GRIT THEIR TEETH IN VAIN: The Dark Blues who were beaten for the twelfth successive time in last Saturday's 'Varsity Boat Race. Cambridge, with their usual luck, won the toss, and, choosing the Surrey side, took the lead in the first few minutes, while Oxford, clearly weighed down by the legend of Cambridge invincibility, never appeared to row with any life at all. The Light Blues, who had not impressed the majority of critics during training, revealed a totally unexpected steadiness on the day of the race and encountered with ease the rough water in which their rivals floundered. The contest, although it has been unequal for so many years, still seems to attract a large throng to the tideway

THE FINISH: *Left*—Members of the Oxford crew drooping with exhaustion over their oars after passing the winning post, 4½ lengths behind their rivals. *Right*—A picture which illustrates the margin of difference between the two crews when they reached Mortlake. The outstanding feature of the race were the tactics of the coxes, both of whom departed from the conventional course, and, in so doing, gained several lengths for their respective boats

# GERMANY RE-ARMS

## On the Sea

THE PRIDE OF GERMANY'S RESURRECTED NAVY: The 10,000-ton pocket battleship *Deutschland*, which was built at the almost unprecedented cost of £400 a ton. A feature of this vessel is the economy of weight and space effected in its construction

GERMANY has already declared her re-armament an accomplished fact so far as her Army and Air Force are concerned. What of her Navy? There is little doubt that, in the not far distant future, Herr Hitler will make a declaration with regard to Germany's naval re-armament. Part Five of the Treaty of Versailles will then be finally torn up.

But such a declaration will not mean that the balance of sea-power will be immediately upset. Navies take time to assume menacing proportions. They cannot be produced with the rapidity with which a scrap of paper can be torn up.

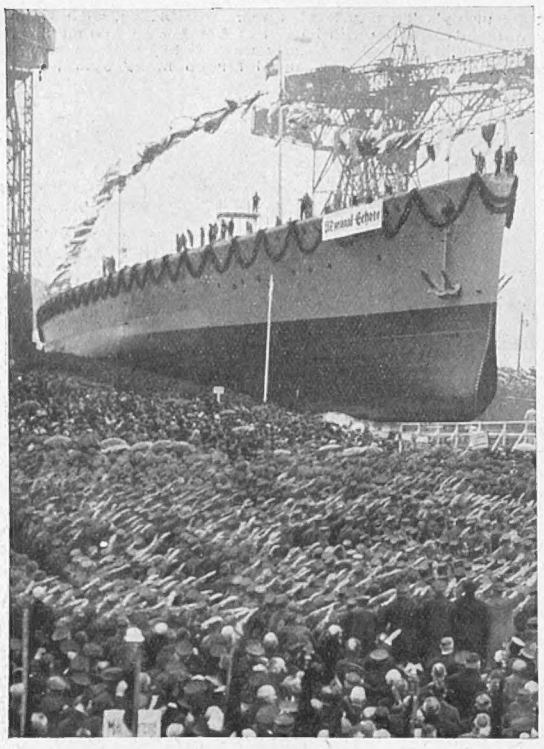
But Germany is not a nation to waste time. There are many indications even now that her naval plans, closely guarded secrets though they may be, are in an advanced stage of preparation. Moreover, Germany's naval construction of recent years, although rigidly limited by the terms of the Treaty of Versailles, has already had a disquieting effect upon the policy of other maritime nations. This has been due to her evolution of an entirely new type of warship—the *panzerschiffe*, literally "armoured ship," and familiarly "pocket battleship." These ships are as revolutionary in design as was the "Dreadnought" in her day; and the "Dreadnought" rendered whole fleets of battleships obsolete. As much cannot be said for Germany's "pocket battleships," but this must be considered due in no small measure to the disabilities imposed by Treaty restrictions. It may well be that, once these restrictions are cast aside, Germany will develop the design and produce ships which will alter the whole structure of naval power.

The "pocket battleship" has not been slow in having an effect upon the naval policy of other nations. The direct and immediate outcome was the French design of fast battle-cruisers of the *Dunkerque* type. These, in turn, are considered largely responsible for the laying down of the largest battleships in the world by Italy. And now France is to build battleships of similar size.

Ships with far greater gun-power than any cruiser and with far greater speed than any battleship, the "pocket battleship" must be considered formidable both strategically and tactically. Germany already has two of these ships in commission—the *Deutschland* and the *Admiral Scheer*. A third—the *Admiral Graf Spee*—is due for completion next year, and two more—the *Ersatz Elsass* and the *Ersatz Hessen*—were laid down last year.

It is reported that these later ships are to be driven by steam instead of Diesel engines. This will probably increase their speed so as to give them the legs of the French "Dunkerque" type. It is said that this alteration will reduce their radius of action below the enormous figure of 10,000 miles at 20 knots with which the *Deutschland* is credited. But this cannot be assumed with certainty. Other nations have built ships with low endurance to abide by Treaty limitations, but whose endurance can be increased by a large percentage as soon as war supersedes treaties.

The post-War German cruisers are also remarkably powerful ships for their size. The year 1929 saw the completion of four German cruisers—the *Leipzig*, *Königsberg*, *Karlsruhe*, and *Koln*. These ships are all of 6,000 tons, armed with nine 6-in. guns. The comparable ships in the British Navy are those of the "Leander" class, of 7,000 tons, armed with eight 6-in. guns. Thus, although the German ships are smaller by 1,000 tons, they carry one more 6-in. gun and four more torpedo tubes than our "Leanders." On the other hand, they are slightly slower. In this connection it is interesting to note that in these German cruisers two-thirds of the main armament is concentrated aft—an opposite arrangement to that adopted in our latest battleships.



LAUNCHING THE "ADMIRAL SCHEER": The new armour-plated battleship about to leave the stocks at Wilhelmshaven in 1933. The vessel is named after the German hero of Skagerack. She is a sister ship to the *Deutschland*

The deficiency in speed in the German cruisers appears to have been made good in the *Nürnberg*, which was launched a few months ago.

In her "pocket battleships" and modern cruisers, as well as in a number of small but by no means insignificant modern destroyers, Germany already possesses the nucleus of a powerful instrument of sea power.

K. E.

## In the Air

A CONSTABLE OF THE SKIES: A member of the German Air Police in the new uniform recently issued to this force

THE virtual denunciation of the military clauses of the Treaty of Versailles and the establishment of the German military air force will profoundly affect the outlook of the air commands of Europe. Not that the events in Germany have come as a surprise; but hitherto, in theory at any rate, Germany has been without a military air force since, under the Treaty of Versailles, she was forbidden military aircraft and confined to civil aviation.

Early in March the German air force was reconstituted as part of the Reichswehr with General Von Blomberg as Supreme Supervisor, and General Göring, the Air Minister and erstwhile leader of the famous Richthofen Squadron of the Great War, as "General der Flieger" at its head.

In justification of this move a semi-official commentary was issued on March 17 which stated that nearly a year-and-a-half ago England and Italy had agreed to the principle of a German defensive air fleet. It further added that the conditions upon which the German renunciation of bombing machines was based no longer existed and that England, France, and the Soviet Union had put up programmes in which the modernization and improvement in the performance of bombing aircraft plays a leading part. Hence Germany determined to take definite preparatory measures against emergencies.

This semi-official utterance is a clear indication that Germany intends to develop bombing machines in parallel with the other Powers. With the announcement of compulsory military service on March 17 and the increase of the army to some 600,000 men, 500,000 more than allowed under the Versailles Treaty, Germany finally confirmed her intention to disregard its military clauses.

The official reconstitution of the German air force merely publicly admits the existence of a force which has been known for some time to exist in disguised form.

When Germany was forbidden military aircraft under the Versailles Treaty, her undoubted aeronautical genius was thrown back on commercial aviation, and she found an outlet by developing her air lines to the utmost, so that to-day she possesses the most efficient and most highly-organised civil aviation service in Europe.

In addition she has built up a large reserve of trained pilots by the intensive encouragement of gliding and flying clubs. The machines used by these clubs are light aeroplanes but many of them have a performance approaching that of the war machines of a few years ago. For some time now the clubs have been organised on a semi-military basis and the pilots trained by them can with little difficulty pass from their training machines to modern war machines.

Many of Germany's commercial machines are of advanced design, and one type at least, the Heinkel H.E. 70, is capable of flying at over 225 m.p.h. over long distances. Even if these commercial machines cannot be easily converted into military bombers they have undoubtedly provided the experience and formed the basis from which war machines can be built, and the factories can quickly change over to producing high performance military craft.

Further, the intensive development of the German air lines has produced a large body of trained personnel who in case of need can be instantly transferred to military duties with but little special training.

As regards equipment, Germany has the pull over the established air forces of Europe by being able to start from bedrock. To-day a large proportion of the machines of the R.A.F. are obsolete or obsolescent. The small amount of money available for the equipment of the service makes it impossible to equip all the squadrons with the latest machines as soon as they are produced. A new type has to work out its serviceable life over a period of years, and at the moment a large proportion of the machines of the R.A.F. are neither new in design nor up to date in performance.

Germany has none of the problems which are involved in the replacement of old equipment. She starts square, as it were, and can equip her whole air force with the latest and best machines which she can produce. Thus when fully equipped the average performance of her machines may be expected to be higher than that of either France or this country since she has no obsolete or obsolescent machines to use up.

Nobody knows for certain the size of the German air force. It has been stated to equal our own in numbers of machines, and as far as numbers go this is probably not far wrong. But it is likely that the majority of her machines are still the comparatively low-powered training machines taken over from the Reich Airsport Federation. This Federation of flying clubs has been gradually developing into a military organization, and their uniforms have become more and more like those of the Reichswehr. The personnel formerly wore a dirk slung by strap, but recently senior officers took to wearing a cross-hilted sword, and junior officers a new pattern dirk slung by two straps like those worn by all German naval officers. These changes were an outward sign of the new status of the Federation.

Germany's claim to bombing machines is only in accord with the defence policies of other nations. Bombers are an important factor in our own defence organization, though British policy has been mainly directed towards the defence of London based on what has been called the Interceptor Policy.

Fighting machines of high performance and short range are stationed round London with the intention that, on the approach of an enemy, they shall quickly climb to meet him and destroy him before he can reach his objective.

Recent air exercises have shown that even under peace conditions the Interceptor Policy is not wholly effective. Under war conditions it is likely to be much less successful.

The governing factor for success apart from the performance of the defending aircraft is the time which must elapse between the report of the enemy's approach to the coast and the moment when he can be engaged by the defending force. This vital time factor is constantly being reduced as the performance of bombing machines improves.

C. D. P.

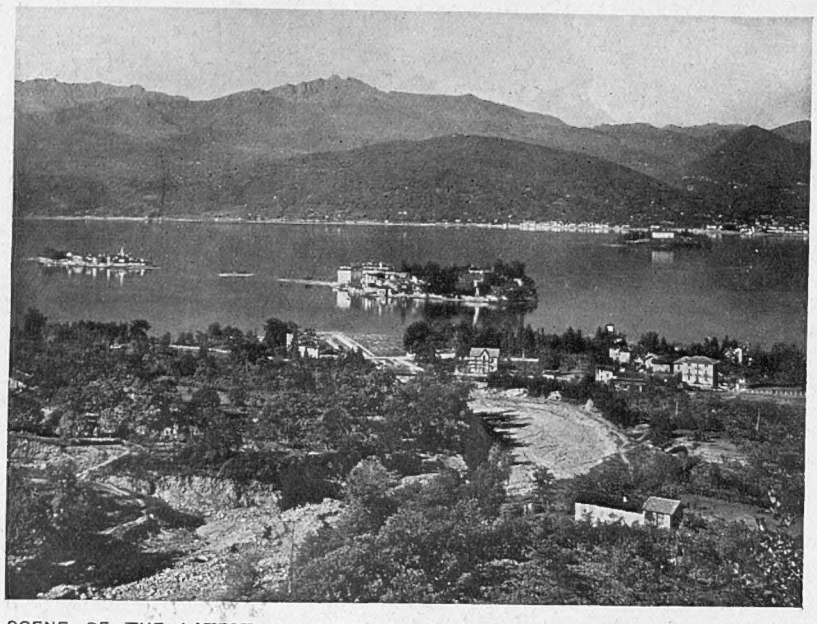
# The Launch of the "Strathmore"

A ROYAL SEND-OFF: The 24,000-ton turbine-driven liner going down the slipway from Messrs. Vickers-Armstrongs' yard at Barrow-in-Furness after she had been launched by the Duchess of York and named the *Strathmore* in honour of Her Royal Highness's father. The vessel, which is the largest ever built for the P. and O. Company, is intended for the express service between England, India, and Australia

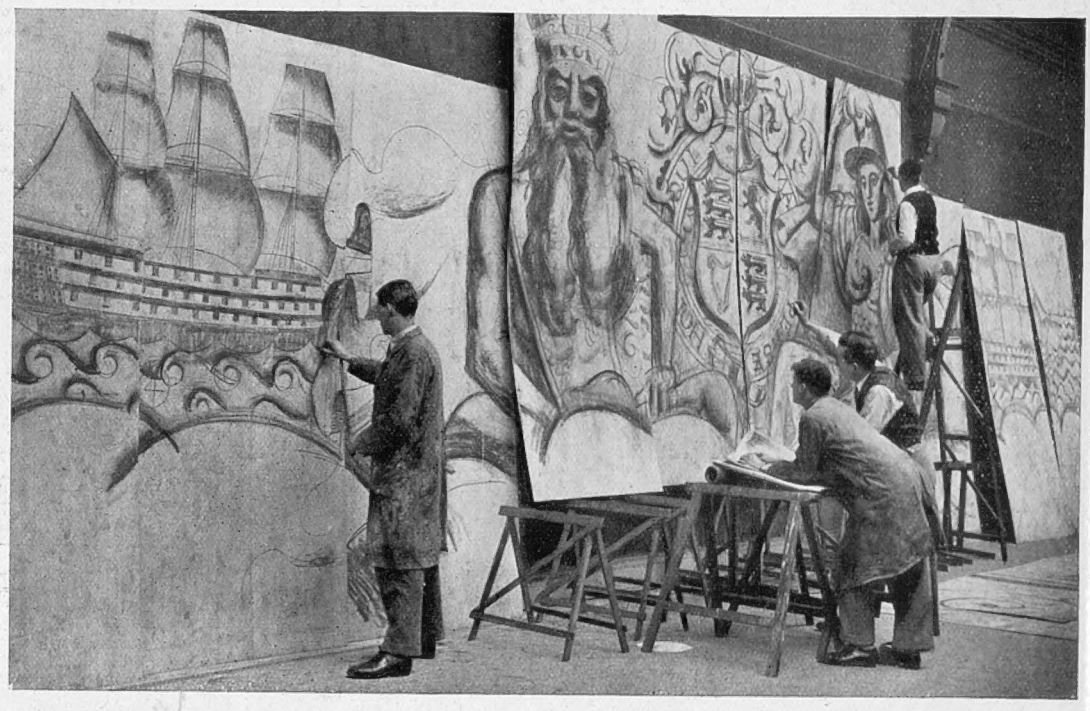
THE WORLD AT THEIR FEET: These girls have recently been appointed air stewardesses by the Swiss Air Lines, and it will be their job to look after the comfort of passengers during long-distance flights. In the past few years nearly all the American companies have adopted this system, but it is only now that it is beginning to be employed in Europe to any great extent

A CIVIC COMPLIMENT TO THE CROWN: The daughter of the Deputy-Mayor of Barrow presenting the Duchess of York with a bouquet after Her Royal Highness had re-named the bridge linking the island of Walney with the town of Barrow and declared it free of toll. It is now to be called Jubilee Bridge

# Political and Personal



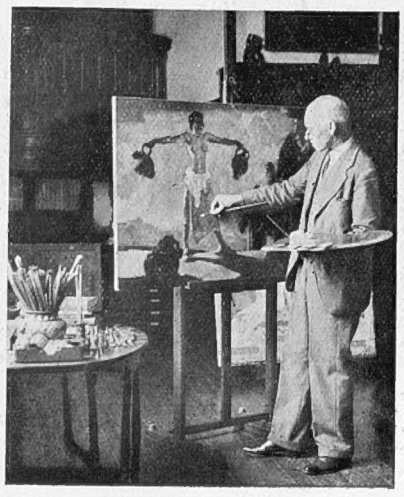
SCENE OF THE LATEST CONFERENCE: *Left*—The little island of Isola Bella (centre of picture), near Stresa, on Lake Maggiore, where Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, Sir John Simon, Signor Mussolini, M. Flandin, and M. Laval are meeting this week to discuss the European situation in the light of what transpired in Berlin, Warsaw, Moscow, and Prague during the recent tour made by Mr. Anthony Eden, the Lord Privy Seal. *Right*—The landing place at Isola Bella. The island is delightfully situated, and famed for the abundance of tropical plants in its beautifully laid-out gardens



*Above on left and above*—JUBILEE DECORATIONS IN THE MAKING: Students of the Royal College of Art engaged in preparing the series of panels which are to adorn the Ludgate Circus bridge under which the King will pass when he drives in state to the Thanksgiving Service at St. Paul's. The designs have been selected by Sir William Rothenstein

PAGAN SENTIMENTS OF A JUNKER: General Ludendorff, Germany's military genius of the Great War, seen with his wife in the grounds of his Bavarian home. He celebrated his seventieth birthday on April 9 and, in honour of the occasion, Chancellor Hitler ordered flags to be hoisted on all the public buildings in the Reich. The veteran commander, whose outspoken utterances since 1918 have done much to damage his reputation, recently declared "I am not merely an opponent of Christianity, but literally an anti-Christian and heathen — and proud of it. Christian teaching is there for only one purpose—to help the Jews to domination — and only through the complete renunciation of Christianity will the German people achieve the unity which it needs"

A CHANGE OF FORTUNE: General Ludendorff, who of recent years has been out of favour. Now Germany is acclaiming him as a national hero



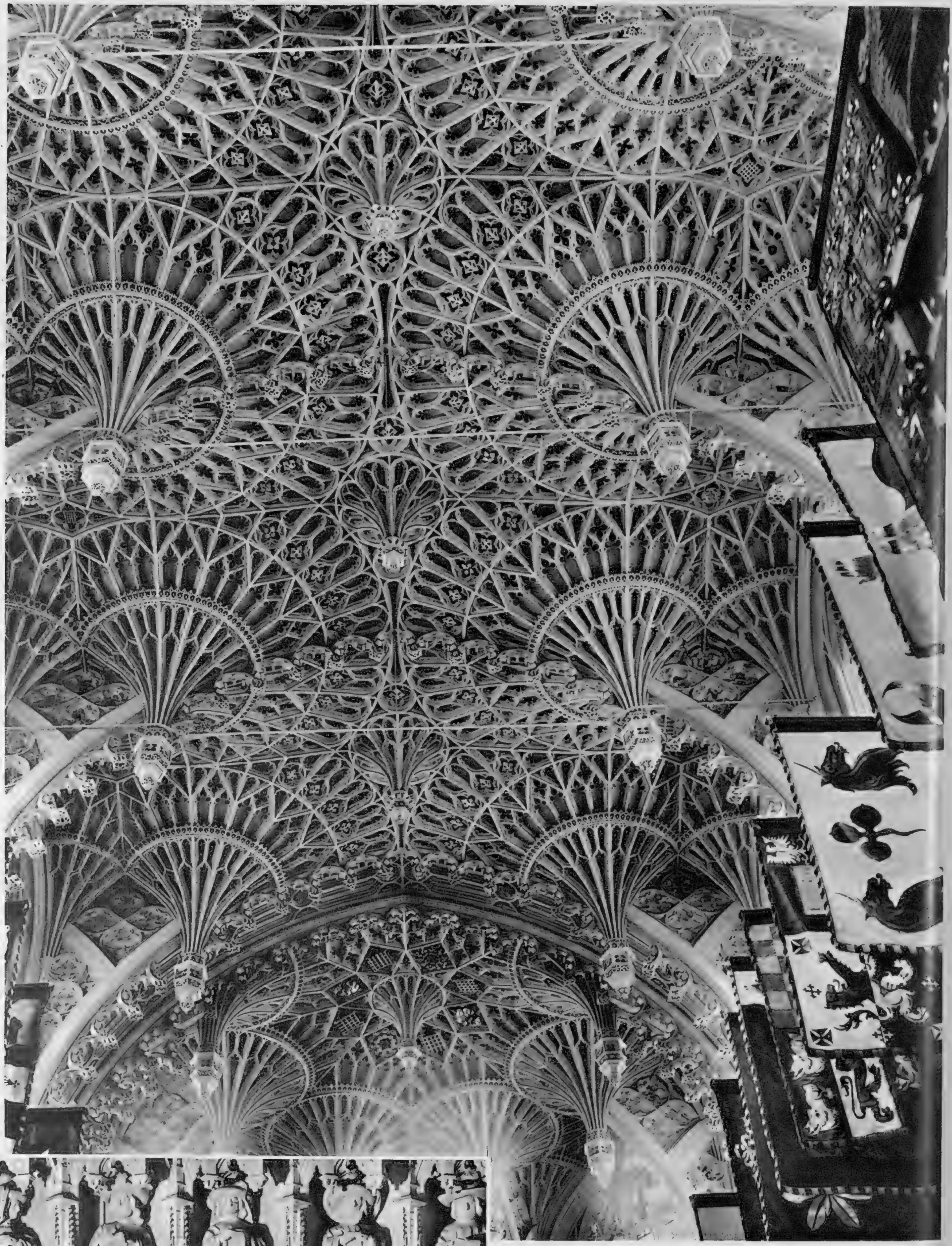
THE ROYAL COURT AT GUERNSEY, where the first murder trial to be held on the island for twenty years started last week. The defendant is Mrs. de la Mare, who is accused of cutting the throat of her 76-year-old farmer-employer, Alfred Brouard

*On Left*—THE FINISHING TOUCHES: Mr. Russell Flint, R.A., at work on one of his paintings before sending it to Burlington House for the forthcoming Royal Academy exhibition

LONDON BRIDGE TWENTY YEARS AGO: A painting by the late Sir David Murray, which has recently been acquired by the Guildhall Art Gallery. The scene has changed but little during the past two decades except for the fact that old Adelaide House has been replaced by a towering office building which further obscures the church of St. Magnus the Martyr. The artist, who was President of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colour, died in 1933

# The London of Yesterday

WHEN PICCADILLY RESEMBLED THE HIGH STREET OF A COUNTRY TOWN: A picture of the famous thoroughfare by William Marlow (1740-1813), which is now on view at an exhibition of English Watercolours and Drawings at the Rembrandt Gallery, Vigo Street. In the background is St. James's Church, which was built by Wren in 1680 and was at one period the most fashionable place of worship in London. Both the first and second rectors became Archbishops of Canterbury, and another incumbent was Samuel Clarke, the philosopher, whom Voltaire called a reasoning engine



THE LUXURIANCE OF THE PERPENDICULAR STYLE: The magnificent fan-tracery ceiling in the Henry VII Chapel which has recently undergone a thorough cleaning. In describing this architectural masterpiece Washington Irving said: "Stone seems, by the cunning labour of the chisel, to have been robbed of its weight and density, suspended aloft as if by magic, and the fretted roof achieved with the wonderful minuteness and airy security of a cobweb"

THE PHILOSOPHERS: A group of statues in the Henry VII Chapel

# THE GLORY OF STONE

## *In Westminster Abbey*

# Cavalcade of Kings, Saints, and Martyrs

*The Famous Statues in the Chapel of Henry VII, Westminster Abbey, which have Recently been Cleaned and are now Revealed in all their Pristine Glory — A Description*

*by*

LAWRENCE TANNER, M.V.O.

*(Keeper of the Muniments and Sub-Librarian at Westminster Abbey)*

A LADY OF THE TIME OF HENRY IV: A workman touching-up one of the statues in the Abbey. Note the reticulated style of head-dress which was in vogue during the last twenty years of the fourteenth century

THE statues of saints in Henry VII's Chapel, Westminster Abbey, have long been recognized as one of the most remarkable collections of imagery that have survived from medieval times. In the course of the cleaning and repair of the stonework and roof of the chapel, which have just been completed—a cleaning which will reveal to many much of the original beauty and delicacy of this superb chapel—it has been possible for the first time for many years to examine these statues at close quarters. They have, in fact, each been lifted from their niches and carefully cleaned, and they have been photographed either in groups or individually.

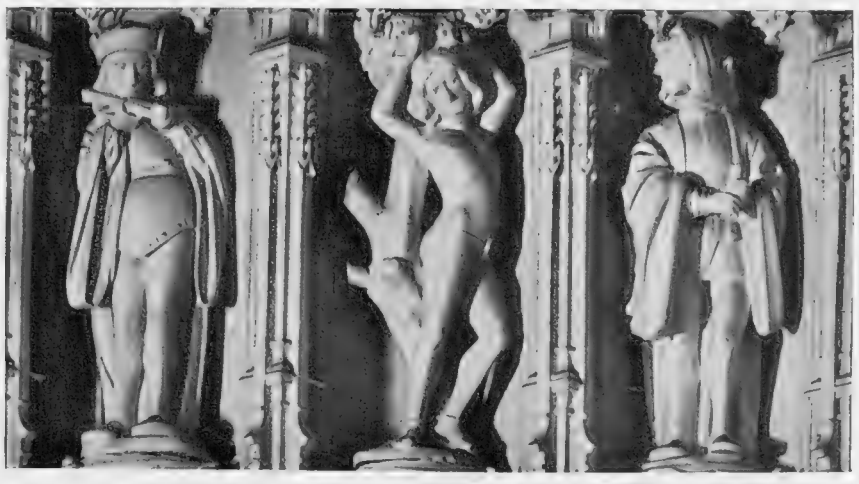
It was on January 23, 1503, that the foundation stone of the chapel was laid, and its structure must have been more or less complete by 1509, when the abbot was paid a final sum of money "for the accomplishment and performing of the chapel." It had been Henry VII's original intention to bury the body of Henry VI within its walls, but for one reason or another the project was abandoned, and it was in fact to become a kind of vast chantry chapel for himself. He himself died in April, 1509, but in his will he laid down how he wished the chapel to be glazed and adorned with "ymages, armes, bagies, and cognoisaunts . . . and painted . . . in as goodly and riche maner as suche a werk requireth."

The glass, which was to be the pattern a few years later for the glorious windows which still remain in the Chapel of King's College, Cambridge, has almost entirely disappeared but of the hundred and seven "ymages" inside the chapel no fewer than ninety-five still remain in their original niches. These statues are of two kinds. The larger, which are about 5 ft. in height, number twenty-four and are in the aisles and side chapels. The rest form a range round the Chapel itself above the main arches and the banners of the Knights of the Bath and below the clerestory windows.

They are arranged on a definite plan. At the east end above the tomb of Henry VII. is Our Lord with the Virgin Mary on his left and St. Gabriel on his right. Beyond on each side are the Apostles supported by a glorious company of Saints and Martyrs. Towards the western end of the Chapel are ten figures, five

*(Continued on following page)*

THE GOOD SAMARITAN: St. Roch, who was a popular saint in England during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries and who devoted his life to curing poor men of the pestilence, is the central figure in this group. The statues on either side are supposed to represent Mary and Martha



THE PATRON SAINT OF SOLDIERS AND PIN-MAKERS: Three statues representing the shooting of St. Sebastian, who was a captain in the Praetorian Guards during the reign of the Emperor Diocletian, and was sentenced to death on a charge of being a convert to Christianity. In the centre the saint is shown tied to a tree, and on the left and right are two of the archers

# The Statues in the Henry VII Chapel

SAINTS AND THEIR SYMBOLS: *Left*—St. Vincent, the patron saint of drunkards, holding three cups which support a book from which he reads. *Second from left*—St. Lawrence with the gridiron on which he was roasted alive. *Second from right*—St. John the Baptist carrying a lamb. *Right*—St. Stephen, dressed as a deacon, holding some of the stones with which he was put to death

THE CHILD WHO WAS BOILED TO DEATH: *Left*—St. Cuthbert, Bishop of Lindisfarne, holding in his hand the head of St. Oswald—the King of Northumbria, who was slain by the heathen King Penda. *Second from left*—A much mutilated figure representing St. Edward, the King and martyr, who was murdered at Corfe Castle and buried at Shaftesbury. His remains have been found recently. *Centre*—St. Nicholas (Santa Claus), the patron saint of children, with the child whom he is said to have restored to life after it had been boiled to death owing to the forgetfulness of its mother who left it in its bath while she ran to hear the saint preach. *Second from right*—St. Oswald. *Right*—St. Eligius, patron saint of artists and blacksmiths

A GALLERY OF THE GREAT. statues are arranged roun in Westminster Abbey. Th pages could only be o in position—an opportunit of cleaning wa

(*Continued from preceding page*)

on each side, dressed in gowns and mantles and large hats of the sixteenth century which have been conjecturally identified as representing Aristotle and the other ancient philosophers of note.

These statues are most remarkable. If there is, perhaps, little of the Renaissance in their actual modelling, they have nothing of the "shop" about them. They are extraordinarily "alive" and vigorous productions with many delightful little touches of character about them. Thus some of the philosophers turn towards each other and seem to be engaged in spirited disputation, while others have pince-nez perched upon their noses to assist them to read from their scrolls. Nearby, St. Jerome turns the leaves of a book with his left hand, while a little lion jumps up and plays with the pen which he holds in his right hand. Perhaps the most charming group is one representing St. Anne teaching the Virgin Mary to read. St. Anne, dressed as a widow, lightly rests her hand on her daughter's shoulder, while the child, an entrancing little figure, eagerly scans the open book which she holds in her hand. Other figures we may mention are St. Dunstan who, armed with a formidable pair

BEFRIENDERS OF THE POOR AND DISTRESSED: *Left*—St. Roch, patron of the plague-stricken, to whom he devoted his life. He is depicted pointing to a sore, contracted during his work for the sick, which an angel is said to have healed. *Second from left*—An unusual representation of St. Martin of Tours, who is usually depicted dividing his cloak with the beggars. *Centre*—St. Giles, the patron saint of cripples, with the hind which came daily to his cave to give him milk. *Second from right*—St. Anthony, who lived in the wilderness for over twenty years seen with the wild boar, which was his sole companion in his solitary life. *Right*—A statue which probably represents St. Germain

# Now Restored to Their Former Glory

A picture showing how the the walls of the Henry VII Chapel detailed studies shown on these tained when the scaffolding was which occurred when the work in progress

SLAYERS AND SLAIN: *Left*—St. Thomas à Becket. *Second from left*—St. George and the Dragon. *Second from right*—This figure is supposed to represent St. Richard (1197-1253), who was famous for his almsgiving and was buried at Chichester. *Right*—St. Armil with the dragon which he slew. A prayer made to this saint was supposed to heal those who suffered from "all manner of sicknesses and sores"

PIOUS WOMEN AND A MARTYRED APOSTLE: *Left*—St. Winifred, the Patron Saint of Virgins, who was beheaded by Prince Caradoc for refusing to marry him. She was of Welsh birth and was therefore popular with the Tudors. *Second from left*—St. Margaret who is reputed to have been swallowed by a dragon but to have escaped unharmed when the cross she carried caused her devourer to burst. *Centre*—Saint Anne, the mother of the Virgin, teaching her daughter to read. *Second from right*—St. Katherine, who confessed she was a Christian, and, in consequence, was broken on a wheel by order of the Emperor Maximinus. *Right*—St. Matthew wearing spectacles and reading from a book. He is probably carrying a carpenter's square, one of his emblems

of pincers, has seized the Devil by the nose in spite of his attempt to pull the pincers apart; St. Hugh of Lincoln with the swan which followed him about; St. Anthony with his bell and pig; and St. Roch, who, in a large straw "pilgrim's" hat, points to the sore upon his knee. It will be remembered how St. Roch was always "in thospytal" caring poor men from the pestilence until he "was sore taken" with the scourge himself. He was a very popular saint in England in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

It is curious to note that one or two of these figures are in different stone and seem to be of an earlier date than the others. It is even possible that they may have come from the old Lady Chapel which was pulled down when Henry VII's Chapel was built.

It would be extremely interesting if we knew the names of the carver or carvers of these figures. They seem to be by several hands but the late Professor Lethaby suggested that some at least might have been the work of Lawrence Imber, John Hudde, and other famous image-makers of the time who are known to have been at work at the Tower of London and in Westminster Hall at about this period.

TORTURE MOST FOUL: *Left*—St. Erasmus who had a great vogue in England in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries and who suffered martyrdom by having his bowels drawn out with a windlass. *Second from left*—St. Edmund, King of East Anglia, who was captured by the Danes on their invasion in 870 and was beheaded because he refused to renounce Christianity. His festival is kept on November 20. *Centre*—St. Hugh of Lincoln with the swan which followed him wherever he went. *Second from right*—King Edward the Confessor. *Right*—St. Dunstan, the Patron Saint of Goldsmiths, who seized the devil by the nose with a red-hot pair of tongs

THE UNWANTED: Members of the large Chinese population of Paris—aliens whom France is most anxious to deport in the interests of her own unemployed

# A GLUT OF ALIENS

**France, which after the War was Welcoming Workers from Abroad, now Finds that Between Two and Three Millions of these Foreigners are Serious Competitors with her own People in the Steadily Shrinking Domestic Labour Market**

## BY FERDINAND TUOHY

HALF-A-DOZEN years ago there must have been anything between four and five million foreigners either working in or visiting France. Never can there have been witnessed such a many-tongued descent upon a sovereign land. Yet it was an invasion more than welcomed and encouraged by the locals. For a variety of reasons the door was flung clean up to all and sundry—it is difficult to think of any specific breed that found itself barred. Of course the whole thing meant business and foreign moneys fairly flowing into French pockets. Over 2,000,000 tourists alone arrived in France in 1927 when they were reputed to have left behind them a sum equivalent to £100,000,000.

What days, indeed, *pour les affaires!*

Well, now the day of reckoning has come. Concurrently with increased economic pressure and growing unemployment among French nationals, the country has been turning a searchlight on its alien inhabitants, with rather extraordinary if not alarming results. These are dug in everywhere—hundreds of thousands of Italians, Russians of various hues, Poles, Africans, Czechs, Armenians, German refugees, Jews, Spaniards, Hungarians, Belgians, Serbs—and the problem is how on earth to undig, even up to a certain degree, the vast horde implanted in the soil of the Republic. Anti-foreign articles and speeches are common, while students, themselves with small hopes of jobs, demonstrate in the Latin Quarter against the employment of foreign "intellectuals," mostly doctors. But it would be wrong to say that France is smitten by another wave of xenophobia. She would welcome back again and again the foreign tourist. What has transpired is a social problem of the first consequence springing from the presence in the country of between two and three million alien competitors in the steadily shrinking domestic labour market.

Here is at least one problem of the day that does not afflict ourselves, thanks to an Aliens Act which raised the deuce when I was young, yet whose ever stricter application in the years since has only served to justify its original sponsors. One has to work overtime now to get an "alien" into this tight little isle even for a month or two, if there be the remotest suspicion that salary or wages are to be earned here.

However, it would be wrong to compare the two cases, France and the British Isles, in this matter. The French undiscerningly, shortsightedly, recklessly, asked for a good deal of the trouble that has now beset them. If they are hemmed in and suffocated now by alien *bouches inutiles*, that has assuredly come about in large case as the result of mislaying of much-vaunted native *mésure*.

Paul Morand cries: "Enough! We are already God's concentration camp!"

Yes, but why? How did this particular humanitarian institution exactly come about?

Even before the War, France was host to vastly more foreigners than any other country. I have seen the global figure put as high as 2,000,000, this including everyone: foreign residents, students, and business-folk as well as the labouring, artisan, and adventurous classes. During 1914–18 this pre-War world considerably evaporated although a high percentage of it was drawn into war work and munitions into which twin spheres were also pressed or recruited a round 250,000 newcomer coloured men—North Africans ("Sidis") Annamites, Chinese, and Negroes. This started a very grave problem of its own which to-day finds expression in the presence of 65,000 Sidis (alone) in the Paris area, 15,000 of them unemployed.

This imported coloured army proved a complete failure, as workers. It was also diseased and criminal, and little time was lost in repatriating it. But almost simultaneously happened the White Russian exodus before the Bolshevics, followed by the wholesale flight of Greeks and Armenians from Asia Minor. France took not less than 400,000 from these two sources, notably relieving Nansen's colonization of Macedonia, in so doing. Then something else happened. Few who beheld it will forget the astonishing rapidity with which, as early as the summer of 1919, the earth was being put back under cultivation in the reclaimed French departments. But labour was sadly lacking. In succeeding years this was allowed to flow in, almost as a tidal wave, chiefly from Italy, Yugoslavia, Czechoslovakia, Poland, Spain, and Hungary. And those who did not proceed out into the fields, went down into the mines in the Nord, repairing the immense destruction caused by the Germans there, prior to assuming the miner's lamp with a (minority) French element. A third tremendous call for foreign labour emanated from the lavish rebuilding of the devastated areas and from the overbuilding that was soon to spread through France. Everyone with money to spare wanted to put it into real estate. The Italians were the men for this job. Among other things, they as good as rebuilt the Riviera.

A fourth great call for alien sinews arose from the rapid post-War industrialization of the country. Up to 1914 France had been an agricultural land. Masses of Italians, Spaniards, Poles, and Sidis were now roped into the mines and factories of the Centre and South.

So we see all this vast foreign army gradually and quite justifiably digging itself in, in France, where it was twice and thrice welcome. There may have been a good deal of crime and lawbreaking, but it was cheap, adaptable labour, and easily kept to heel.

EXPELLED: Some of the ninety-seven Polish miners and their families who were ordered to leave France within three days. This drastic action was taken because the Poles had imprisoned several French workers in the Escarpell Colliery at Leforest as a protest against the dismissal from employment of a number of their own countrymen

Meanwhile the ranks were being swollen by hordes of political refugees, the great majority fleeing from Fascism, but also from Spain, the Balkans, and other lands. France took all these in *con amore*, for reconstruction reasons, but also because the Republic has long boasted that it permanently offers right of political asylum. The French are believed to have given refuge to little fewer than a round million fleeing Italians, if a good many of these are included in the Italian building army already cited. Scores of thousands more Italians founded agricultural colonies in the Albi and Auch countries where they still are to-day, in sorry state, hungry, neglected, told to clear out if they don't like it, or else being simply expelled.

During these boom years the Sidis also began trooping back. They were French citizens and could not (and cannot) be denied. So much so, that to-day there are 150,000 of the unhealthy gentry still strewn through France, many jobless.

The last political refugees to stream over were the Jews and Socialists fleeing from the Nazis and, finally, the Saarlanders who had supported France on the *status quo*. This was the last straw. Tales of 50,000 more refugees crowding into France were put about and the public, almost as badly hit by unemployment as ourselves, if the whole French workless business is camouflaged or unrecognized, at last cried: "*Assez!*" Actually, only 8,000 scared Saarlanders trooped over, and half of these have already been sent back.

It is not to be wondered at that an intense out-with-the-foreigner campaign has set in. The last statistics showed 3,000,000 foreigners still in the country, including 425,000 round Paris. As quite half a million alien workers have been repatriated by one means or another since that census, I have hit upon the figure of 2,500,000 as still to be dealt with. A quite small proportion of these may be written off as of independent means or studying on the strength of funds from home (there are 1,000 White Russians of independent means). An equally small proportion are representing their firms as pivotal employees who cannot be replaced by French labour, however persistent the pressure. The residue poses a problem that humanity has got to deal with, not France alone.

It is not too much to say that the *étranger*, by which term we are all included, has become an obsession. "When it comes to foreigners," writes Emmanuel Berl in *Marianne*, "it would appear that the French lose their sangfroid—that they are drunk one moment with generosity, the next with cruelty; often the two together." The "cruelty" must be held to refer to the harshness of treatment that is being meted out to the poor foreigner. The Minister for the Interior, M. Regnier, frankly admits the distinction between poor and self-supporting: "If they have enough to live on they may stay . . . but it is not our business to feed them."

And the Minister went on to regret the repeated expelling of refugees bereft of all nationality, that is, with no country to go to; but added that a plan for shipping these "undesirable" and "useless" people to a French possession was being

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YOUTH DEMONSTRATES: A banner being placed in position at the entrance to the School of Medicine in Paris, when the students recently went on strike as a protest against certain privileges with regard to examinations granted to foreign students working in France

# A EUROPEAN SURVEY

## The Lord Privy Seal's Visit to Poland

TALKING IT OVER: Mr. Anthony Eden, the Lord Privy Seal, at luncheon with M. Ignacy Moscicki, the President of the Republic, by whom he was received during his recent visit to Warsaw for the purposes of discussing the proposed Eastern Pact. The conversations, it is understood, were not entirely successful as Poland is unwilling to enter into any further agreements with foreign Powers

A NOTABLE TRIO: Mr. Strang, Counsellor in the British Foreign Office; Mr. Anthony Eden; and Colonel Beck, Polish Foreign Minister, posing for a photograph in the Presidential Palace in Warsaw

BRITAIN'S AMBASSADOR OF PEACE: A group taken at the reception given in honour of the Lord Privy Seal by Colonel Beck, the Polish Foreign Minister. Mr. Eden is seated between Madame Zawadzki, wife of the Minister of Finance, and Madame Beck. The host is sitting second from the right, and on his left is Madame Floyar-Reichman, wife of the Minister of Agriculture

TAKING THE OATH

A picture taken at the ceremony of swearing-in newly-appointed officers in the Rumanian Army. Note the silk-hatted dignitary on the right

SCANDINAVIAN ROMANCE: Princess Ingrid of Sweden and her fiancé, the Crown Prince Frederick of Denmark, in the Royal box at the Stockholm Opera House, where they recently attended a performance of Offenbach's *Orphée aux Enfers*. With them are the Crown Princess of Sweden (left) and Princess Victoria Helena of Schleswig-Holstein (right)

# Belgium's Black Friday

## *How the Announcement of the Devaluation of the Franc was Received in the Streets of Brussels*

## By ROY ELSTON

THE TOPICAL TOUCH: A humorous cartoon referring to the possible rise in prices in Belgium as a result of the devaluation of the currency. It was one of several posted up outside a theatre in Brussels

IN the years of crisis, up to 1935, Belgium rose among countries of commercial importance from the ninth place to the fifth. She is led in the volume of trade only by the four great Powers of the world: America, England, Germany, and France. Her percentage of international trade was 2·73 in 1927; it became 3·41 in 1931, and since then has shown only slight fluctuation. Her exports increased from 31·7 per cent in 1929 to 40·4 per cent in 1933.

Impressive figures: they gave weight to the frequent announcements of ministers, burgomasters, and presidents of chambers of commerce, that the franc would remain faithful to its gold value. Six weeks ago, 80 per cent. of the population of Belgium believed in the announcements: so did those who made them. Every political party, remembering the catastrophic experiences of a few years ago, demanded the maintenance of parity value.

The Belgians looked at their figures and liked them. They sat in their cafés on the main boulevard and looked forward to a jolly year: they had deserved it. Monsieur Franck, with his impressive beard, could be relied upon to look after the gold in the vaults of the National Bank; and Monsieur Theunis, with his "cabinet of bankers," ought to be clever enough to direct the economic affairs of the country. On Sundays, the cheerful folk of Brussels rode out to Laeken to see what progress was being made with the great exhibition on the hill: the hall-mark of regained prosperity and returning confidence!

Then, with rapidly-growing impetus, shadows crept over Belgium; the deepening shadow of unemployment, the urgent, threatening shadow of the Borinage, with its implications of strike and chaos in the leading industrial centres of the land; the bewildering shadow of a reversed trade balance with France; the further depreciation of the pound sterling; the abortive visit of M. Theunis to Paris. "May we not expect that France should treat us, her friend, at least as generously as she treats Germany, her enemy?" The question was put by a well-known Belgian political writer: it was answered by the Premier's display of empty hands when he came back from Paris, and the immediate resignation of himself and his Cabinet.

Something had happened. What was it? Nobody seemed to know. The figures were still there, as pretty as ever; but in spite of that, the franc was being pushed off its pedestal of gold, to which it had climbed a few years ago with so much difficulty, and amid so much ruin and chaos. Antwerp, with its few smokeless funnels and its miles of empty quays, remained undisturbed; it was ready to welcome the pruning of the franc. But four-fifths of Belgium was in a state of angered bewilderment.

A few days after the Van Zeeland cabinet was formed I sat on a café-terrace of the Place Rogier, in Brussels, talking with a Belgian retired colonel. He was sad. The sun shone, and when the sun shines in Brussels there is a glitter of glass and white stucco and pigeons' wings. In the Place, in front of the Nord Station, rotund women-pedlers were chattering shrilly; the kiosks, padded with newspapers from all the world, were bright little centres of animation and printer's ink; and the vista of the main boulevard, was cheerful with crowds of well-dressed women, hatless men, and workmen pulling up the pavements. But the Belgian retired colonel was sad.

"Not very long ago," he said, "through the depreciation of the franc, I lost more than the half of my income. If the franc is to be depreciated by another twenty-five per cent. I lose a quarter of what is left. You may complicate the question of economics and currencies as much as you like, but you cannot persuade me that by the continuous paring of my income you make me better off. If only we knew who, or what, is responsible."

The argument, enlarged, is impressive. The quartering of the franc means the quartering of the total Belgian savings. These savings include 33,950 millions of interior debt; 9,990 millions of provincial and communal debts; 8,510 millions in the savings banks; 20,000 millions of ordinary bank deposits: a total of 72,450 millions of francs, of which a 25 per cent, reduction in the value of the franc means a loss of 18 milliards. A very large proportion of the Belgian population is affected by that loss of 18 milliards; and it cannot be expected to receive a measure of further devaluation with words of welcome.

"If only we knew who, or what, is responsible!"

A business man from the Borinage shrugged his shoulders: "It's plain enough," he said. "The collapse of sterling and the increase in British steel duties of 30 per cent. . . ." A worried importer, letting his coffee grow cold, almost convinced me that the cause of the trouble lies chiefly on the North and South frontiers: the French and Dutch quotas, by which former favourable trade balances were being turned into deficits. "Quotas on two frontiers, prohibitive duties intensified by currency depreciation on the other two!" Between the items of a carillon concert at Malines, with the echo of the bells still floating in the air, a Belgian lady informed me that "it is all due to a set of rascally speculators in Amsterdam: currency ghouls!" It sounded thrilling, in the dark, with the grey, Gothic stones of the cathedral square about us, and the sense of far-away mystery, inspired by the bells.

Those rascally Amsterdammers!

It would certainly be a good thing if statesmen, bankers, and the rest of the experts, would let ordinary people into the secrets of national economics. Perhaps they are not in the secret themselves. That is what it looks like. The impetus behind the actions of our leaders of national finance seems to be the impetus of *force majeure*. Except that they are in possession of more adequate statistics, and can roll off economic catch-phrases more mysteriously, and with a cunning air of knowing what they mean, they seem to be as much in the dark as we are. For the rest, we must form our opinions on national finance according to the promptings of our own peculiar pockets. It is all very well to ask a man to give up his life for his country: it is quite another matter to ask him to give up his money for his country!

One thing is certain, the average Belgian has not the slightest idea of why he is being asked to accept a devalued franc; and the fact that this evil is taking place in the dark adds to his pain and confusion. It was amusing to watch, on the eve of Van Zeeland's declaration, the behaviour of the people in Brussels. Most of the men seemed to have gathered in cafés along the boulevard, where they sat with their heads bent over open newspapers. When a newsboy came by with a new edition there would be a rush from the café, a moment of animation, followed ten minutes' later by a repetition of open sheets

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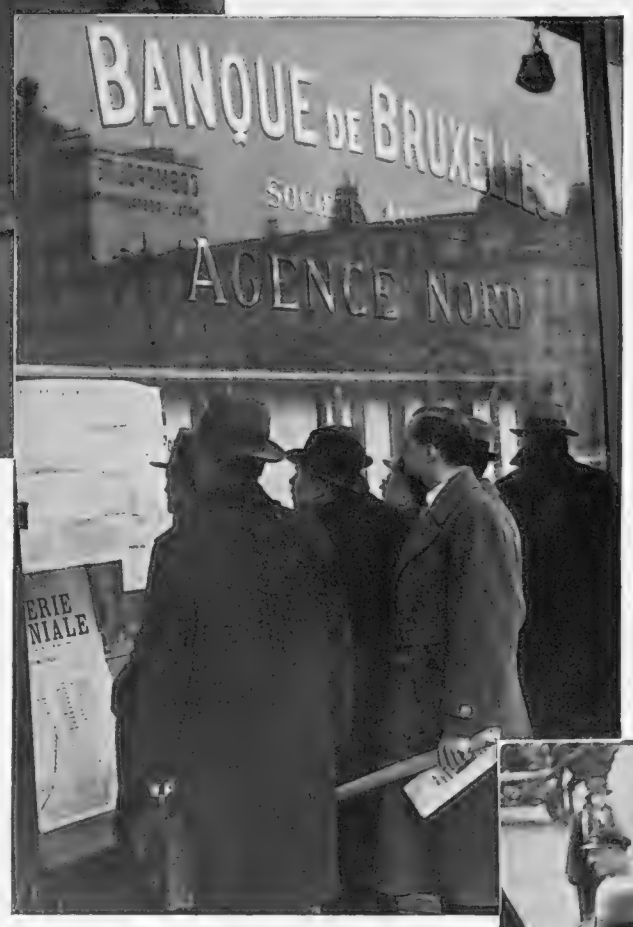



WAITING FOR NEWS: Crowding round a notice board outside the Bank of Brussels

THE PRESS AND THE CRISIS

During the financial emergency the newspapers sent out a continuous stream of special issues which were eagerly snapped up by people anxious for the safety of their savings

*The New London-Liverpool-Glasgow Underground Telephone Line—the Longest of its Type in Britain*

# METROPOLITAN AND PROVINCIAL

*Mrs. Van der Elst Surprises London with Her Elaborate Campaign to Abolish Capital Punishment*

TO PLAY ON THE RIVIERA: Drummers of the band of the 2nd Battalion of the Black Watch which is to visit Monte Carlo next month to take part in the Anglo French fêtes

POST OFFICE ENTERPRISE: A scene on a Shropshire main road as workmen were laying the new trunk underground telephone line which, when completed at the end of the year, will link London, Liverpool, and Glasgow, and considerably relieve congestion during the hours when cheap rates are available for long-distance calls. The London-Liverpool section contains 360 pairs of wires

STRANGE INTERLUDE: A police officer in conversation with Mrs. Violet van der Elst outside Wandsworth Prison where she staged a demonstration of protest against capital punishment on the morning that Stoker Petty Officer Brigstock was hanged for the murder of one of his shipmates. *Left*—Some of the sandwichmen employed by Mrs. Van der Elst to walk among the crowd bearing notices appealing for the abolition of the death sentence. Loud-speaker vans were also used for broadcasting hymn tunes, while three aeroplanes bearing streamers circled over the gaol for several minutes. When interviewed afterwards Mrs. Van der Elst stated that she had been up all night trying to get additional evidence on behalf of the condemned man, but had failed. She added that she intended to form a permanent organization

# A PORTABLE

*In which the Primitive Choco Ind*
*their Sick During the Elaborate*

SYMBOL OF OFFICE: This Choco Indian youth is wearing the headdress of plaited bast, which signifies that he has been chosen to officiate at the ceremony of driving out the demons and of fighting the disease afflicting one of his comrades

THE FIRST STAGE OF THE CURE: In the picture on the left the sick youth is shown being carried from his hut, and in that above he is lying on the ground before the portable hospital is placed over him

THE CHARMER OF EVIL SPIRITS sitting beside th portable hospital in which the patient has bee placed in readiness for the healing ceremony

## *The Power of Auto-Suggestion*

The remarkable series of pictures shown her gives an intimate glimpse of the life of primitive Central American tribe which has alway resisted the efforts of the Panama and Colombia Governments to bring it under political and eccle siastical control. A correspondent of "Th Sphere," in describing the Healing Ceremony, write as follows: On these occasions the entire popu lace of the district is summoned together. Th women bind themselves with coloured cloth while the men tie on a clean loin cloth or eve put on a shirt imported from the town. A specially qualified youth is appointed as "Chie Priest" of the Healing Ceremony. He takes u his position at the patient's feet, spear in hand and utters the words of the charm. Meanwhil the women dance round and round the hospita without stopping, singing all the time to th accompaniment of the monotonous tune played b the men. This goes on until the evil spirits ar judged to have been driven out. Strangely enoug the patient's suffering is often relieved, and th whole ceremony furnishes an excellent example o the power of auto-suggestion on the human mind

# HOSPITAL

## Indians of Panama Place e Healing Ceremonies

BARBARIC FAITH: This crudely-carved wooden doll is placed at the patient's head and is supposed by the natives to have the ability to scare away the demon death

*Above*—CHOCO HIEROGLYPHICS adorning the portable hospital which has been constructed from discarded packing cases

*On right*—"MUSIC HATH CHARMS . . . .": To the sound of a reed pipe and an accordion the native women dance round and round the hospital until the youth in charge of the ceremony decides that the evil spirits have been driven out and a cure has been effected

PRIVILEGE: The Blue Ensign flying from the stern of the *Mauretania*—the famous liner which is shortly to be broken up. In the Mercantile Marine this flag is only allowed to be flown by those vessels which have a certain specified number of members of the Royal Naval Reserve amongst the officers and crew, and whose captains carry an Admiralty warrant

# Tramps of the Sea

## *A Survey of the Present Unfortunate Position of British Merchant Shipping and of the Potentialities and Drawbacks of the New Subsidy*

By CHARLES GRAVES

THE present situation in regard to British tramp steamers is a typically inglorious bit of English muddle. The powers that be have waited so long before they have granted a subsidy that many of the tramp steamer owners have been put out of business. Not only that, but they have been compelled to sell to the foreigner, with the result that British shipping is menaced by its own British-built ships now under foreign flags; and furthermore, British manufacturers are hit by foreign competition traceable directly to the sale of so much British tonnage to foreign manufacturers who send back to us as razor blades, fire-irons, and anything else you like to think of, what were formerly good British ships. These having been sold at cut prices have enabled these foreign manufacturers to swamp us with cheap goods. So it was very late in the day that the Government decided at last to provide a subsidy for tramp steamers.

Starting from January 1 a sum of £2,000,000 is being allocated to the various tramp shipping interests. Unfortunately the Subsidy Act insists on two totally opposite provisos. One is that the subsidy is not to be dissipated, which really means that the shipowners who are given some of the subsidy shall not send out tramps in deliberately vain quests for cargoes. The other clause is that the subsidy shall be used to increase employment.

In the meantime three committees have been set up. One is a Statutory Committee which pays out the actual money. Then there is the Subsidy Committee, which is trying to re-organise the tramp industry and gives instructions as to the actual payment of the subsidy to the various claimants. The third is the Scrap and Build Committee. For it has been laid down that the tramp shipping industry should scrap two tons and build one, which is very English once again. If it is right to build a ship because of the need that trade has for it, it must be wrong to scrap existing ships, and by the same token if it is wrong to build new ships because there are too many of them, it must be right to scrap them. The truth of the matter is that the Depressed Areas are largely dependent on tramp ships and all that they mean in the way of coal, iron, ore and the like for their prosperity. The Government is not really trying to help the tramp owners. It is trying to help the Depressed Areas. In consequence, the tramp owners feel that they are merely a pawn in the political game and know that it is not really their interests which the Government have at heart.

It is a fact that the tramp ship owners object like the very devil to the subsidy. At the same time they are compelled to ask for it although the assistance they are receiving is not on ideal lines. If it was an unimportant little industry which was dying there would be no reason for Government assistance. It is only because the tramp industry is of such paramount importance to the whole nation that the Government has seen fit to help it.

Arguments based to-day on the possibility of war are not popular, but no Government with a sense of its responsibilities can possibly ignore the chances of Great Britain being once more engaged in a conflict. We all remember how near we were to starvation towards the end of 1917, when the German submarine campaign was at its height. It is said that agriculture is the most important industry in this country. Actually it only feeds us for six weeks in the year. For the other forty-six Great Britain is dependent on food imported into this country in our ships, notably tramps. Even in peace time one can be sure that the Colonies and the Dominions get a pleasant patriotic thrill when they see a tramp, however dirty and dilapidated looking, tucked away in some far corner of the Empire, flying the Red Ensign. Tramp shipping is an important link in binding the Empire together. It is its heart. The function of the heart is to pump red and white blood corpuscles through the body. The white corpuscles overcome the germs, the red ones take the oxygen to the heart (or words to that effect). It is the same with ships. The White Ensign follows the Navy in all parts of the world; the Mercantile Marine guarantees the food.

Another point. One of the causes of the crash in 1931 was that the balance of trade had gone against this country. Shipping is an important contributory factor to our invisible exports. It used to amount to £343,000,000 a year. This figure has now slipped to one-fifth of what it was. If shipping is prosperous, there is a demand for ship building. When ship building is busy there is a demand for heavy engineering steel and iron. When these are active there is an increased demand for coal and coke. So there is a real connection between the welfare of tramp shipping and the country.

Tramps vary from the little coasters bringing coal from Newcastle to London (or potatoes from Scotland or going to North France and back again) to 15,000-ton vessels, that is to say, vessels carrying that amount of cargo, bringing grain from Australia, rice from Burma, cotton from the Gulf of Mexico, sugar from Mauritius, ground nuts from East Africa, soya beans from Vladivostock, timber from the Baltic, grain from Vancouver, taking coal to the Cape, and more coal to Montreal and the Mediterranean.

In the last three years 1,250,000 tons of British ships were sold to foreigners for trading purposes, and another 1,000,000 tons sold to foreign ship brokers. All told, the tramp tonnage owned in the United Kingdom (excluding coastwise) amounted to about 4,000,000 gross tons in October of two years ago, whereas the total to-day is probably more like 3,500,000 tons even if you take building into account. At a rough guess the tramp tonnage of the world is 9,000,000. Before the War this country owned over half the available tonnage. To-day it owns less than a third.

At the present minute there are, quite simply, too many ships in the world. If this was the fault of British owners, the said British owners would require no sympathy. Yet while the world tonnage has increased by three-quarters, ours has remained what it was in 1914. Meantime the tonnage of the United States has doubled, Italy's has trebled, that of Greece has nearly doubled and that of Japan is two and a half times as much as before the War.

Another reason for our trouble is that there are too few cargoes. The volume has been reduced by at least 10 per cent. since 1914 and the value by 45 per cent. The reason for this is not far to seek. The nationalist economic policy which is being followed by so many nations is the cause. Every nation wants to be self-supporting and thus dislikes to import. There are also the restrictions on the exchanges and the disturbing effect of fluctuations. Yes, there are hundreds of factors which go to make international trade difficult. If we are going to produce sugar in Great Britain we are going to prevent cargo ships bringing £500,000 worth of freight to this country each year. It is the same with wheat, which we are encouraging our farmers to grow.

In addition to these difficulties, the British share of whatever tramp cargoes are going decreases daily. Even in our own ports the entrances and clearances were reduced by 1,500,000 tons last year, yet foreign ships increased by 2,500,000 tons. Many of the ships we run to-day are run at a loss; many are tied up rotting. Even those which are trading to-day are in many cases actually rotting at sea because the owners cannot afford to repair them.

Why is it that the British Mercantile Marine is left so much behind? There are three reasons which handicap us in the purely international trade of tramp shipping. There is the high taxation, higher than anywhere else in the world; there are the death duties; and finally there is the question of the subsidy. America spends literally tens of millions of pounds of its taxpayers' money in bolstering up its most inefficient Mercantile Marine. And now a British tramp shipping company has been asked to fight, single-handed, the reserves of whole nations.

This can go on for a few years, but ultimately there is a limit to everything. It is a fact that gradually the British Mercantile Marine is

*(Continued on p. ii)*

THE TRAGEDY OF ENFORCED IDLENESS: A water-colour by A. E. Cooper, illustrating the present plight of many of Britain's tramp steamers which have been laid up in the ports and rivers of this country, and are placing a tremendous burden on the financial resources of their owners

*The Former Holder of the Atlantic Speed Record Sold to Shipbreakers*

# PASSING OF THE "MAURETANIA"

*For Twenty-Eight Years the Pride of the British Mercantile Marine*

QUEEN OF THE ATLANTIC: A striking camera study of the stately 30,000-ton liner, *Mauretania*, taken as she was leaving Southampton at the start of one of her last journeys to New York. This famous ship, which was built on the Tyne in 1906 by Swan, Hunter, and Wigham Richardson, has been sold for a sum estimated at about £80,000 to Metal Industries, Ltd., of Glasgow and, after her fittings have been auctioned, is to be broken up for scrap. It is generally felt that it is far better that she should end her career now than be bought by some foreign Power which would probably keep her in commission

THE LAST SKIPPER OF THE "MAURETANIA": Commodore R. V. Peel, R.D., R.N.R.

Until the Norddeutscher-Lloyd liner, *Bremen*, was put into service a few years ago, the *Mauretania* was the fastest ship on the North Atlantic and had held the speed record for no less than twenty-three years. It was natural that she should be surpassed by the newer German vessel, but the margin of difference between the two was very small and even in her old age the Cunarder was able to improve on her previous best time. The *Mauretania's* passing will be regretted by many, but it is a tribute to her builders that in an era of such rapid engineering progress she should have held her own so worthily for so long

IN DRY DOCK AT SOUTHAMPTON: A stern view of the *Asturias*, one of the crack liners of the Royal Mail Company. She has recently had her funnels lengthened in order to ensure that fumes from her furnaces shall be kept away from the deck. Note in this picture the vast array of ventilators

# EVE IN THE SADDLE

GONE TO EARTH! While one rider clears the obstacle in brilliant style, another comes down in a cloud of dust. A dramatic picture taken during the Ladies' Race at the East Cornwall Point-to-Point meeting held near Liskeard

CONTRAST: A member arriving by 'plane at the Aldenham Country Club, near Elstree, which has its own landing ground. She is being greeted by Miss Pamela Watkins (mounted)

FOR SERVICES RENDERED: Captain R. F. P. Monckton with the silver fox presented to him on his retirement from the Mastership of the Albrighton Hunt. He has been in charge of this Shropshire pack since 1929

A WOMAN TRAINER: Mrs. Moon of Shipton Moyne, Gloucestershire, with Pendulum and Tomaso—two of the twenty horses in her charge

AN ECHO OF AINTREE: A striking fashion note seen in the Paddock on the afternoon of the Grand National

# Bridge Under the New Rules

## *When Dummy is No Longer Dumb*

"DO you realise," said Dummy, "that I am no longer dumb?"

"Were you ever?" I asked wearily. Dummy is a voluble soul.

"And furthermore, do you realize that Eastleigh has revoked?"

"No, did he?" I was threatened with a defeated contract, and two tricks would turn it into a successful one.

"Yes; renounced on the king of spades and followed to the queen next round. Two tricks, what? Gives us four spades, game, and rubber." He totted up the score. "Thank heaven for the new rules, partner. I should not have been allowed to draw your attention to that revoke last month. And I shouldn't have been allowed to even now if I had not refused Weston's kind invitation to show me his cards."

We cut the cards and settled down again. I still had Dummy as my partner, and the first hand of the new rubber was a freak.

"Four clubs," said Eastleigh, sitting on my right.

"Five diamonds," said I.

"Six hearts," said Weston.

"Six spades," said my partner.

"Seven hearts," came from Eastleigh.

"Seven spades," I said, my heart in my mouth.

Weston, wriggling on his chair with excitement made an underbid. "Seven hearts," he said.

"One moment," said my partner. "I can either force you to go eight hearts or cancel your call, leaving seven spades as the contract and forbidding you both to call again. Now, if I put you down four, non-vulnerable, that will only be 700—100 for the first and 200 for every subsequent trick.

"I will cancel your call. I have a chance to make the big slam in spades—only 1,000, I know, dash it, now they've reduced the premium—1,500 if "venerable"—plus 210 for tricks. That's 1,210 against 700. It's a good enough gamble. Seven spades."

I may say my partner has a regrettable habit at lecturing the table, but I must admit I find it profitable to listen to him.

Later in the evening we had an example of his appreciation of the opportunities afforded to non-vulnerable players with bad cards against "big stuff" held by vulnerable opponents.

Eastleigh and Weston were game up. Eastleigh dealt and gave me the worst hand I had seen all night—a genuine Yarborough.

"Two hearts," said Eastleigh, playing the "strong two." I passed, of course. "Three hearts," from Weston.

"Four no-trumps," from Eastleigh, smiling brightly at my partner. "We *are* allowed 'card-naming' bids under the new rules, aren't we?"

"Sure," said he. "Carry on with your slamming." He turned to Weston. "Five no-trumps from you?"

"No," said Weston after my "no bid." "Five clubs."

"By me," said my partner.

"Five diamonds," said Eastleigh.

"Resigned," said I, hoping against hope they would stop at the small slam.

"Five spades," said Weston.

My partner went into a coma. Then he came to life. "I double five spades."

"Fool!" I thought. "Why give away where the other high spades are? They're obviously showing aces, not meaning to play it in spades." Then my brain began to work. "Or did he double to tell me to lead a spade? That must be it."

Eastleigh was not put off. "Seven hearts," he burst forth.

My hand was so bad I could not even double. Weston passed happily.

Then my partner produced his bid. "Seven spades," he said.

Eastleigh looked at him in blank amazement. This was sacrifice bidding with a vengeance. Then he began to think. When Weston bid the spades, did he mean ace or chicane? If the ace, then seven no-trumps could certainly be made; if chicane, a spade lead from me in answer to the double would defeat the contract out of hand.

He is a fine player and did the only thing possible; he passed—what you might call a "forcing" pass.

I also passed—without forcing.

Weston thought and thought and thought again. He finally discovered what Eastleigh was playing at. As he was chicane in spades, he doubled. Eastleigh had a long think and came to the (correct) conclusion that Weston could not bid seven no-trumps, having no spade ace, and was doubling on his top cards in the other suits. We all passed—Eastleigh led the king of trumps and I put my hand down.

My partner looked at it, at me, at the ceiling, and spread his cards face upwards.

"I take the spade ace and concede the rest of the tricks," he said. "Twelve down." *And he smiled.*

I looked at him in blank amazement. *Twelve down.* I noted with pleasure I held the ten of spades, so there were, at least, no honours against us. That saved a hundred. I was about to throw the Bridge table at him.

"Twenty-three hundred down," he said. "If they'd got their heart slam it would have been 1,500 for slam, and 700 for rubber, is twenty-two, and two-ten for tricks, is 2,410, and a hundred for honours, 2,510—less 2,300 we went down is, let me see, yes———

"A net gain to us of 200 points."

That's bridge, that is—under the new rules.

# MAKING THE WAYS STRAIGHT : New Bridges and Roads at Home and Abroad

GRACE IN CONCRETE: The new Vastereon Bridge linking southern and western Stockholm, which will shortly be opened to traffic. Including the approaches it is nearly a mile long; it has taken four years to complete, and has cost approximately £700,000

A VICTORIAN LANDMARK PASSES: A view of the progress of the work of demolishing Chelsea Bridge, which is to make way for a new structure to be built on the same site. The old bridge was begun in 1851 but, owing to lack of funds and uncertainty regarding its stability, it was not opened for another seven years

A BOON TO MOTORISTS: A picture showing the handsome reinforced concrete bridge over the Bervie Water, Kincardineshire, which replaces the old structure seen in the foreground and eliminates two dangerous bends on the Aberdeen coast road

THE NEW HIGHWAY ALONG THE NORTH WELSH COAST: Building work in progress on the viaduct which will carry the road round a headland between Llanfairfechan and Conway. At this point it runs parallel with the London Midland and Scottish Railway

# DRAMA

## By PRINCESS PAUL TROUBETZKOY

AGAIN young and older playwrights have had the dubious pleasure of seeing a West End theatre occupied by a production which pays no author's royalties. Shakespeare, Gay, and now Ben Jonson—all attracting good audiences, all taking, as it were, bread out of the mouths of the moderns.

"The Alchemist," after its first production in 1610, is, I believe, the first of Ben Jonson's plays to be revived professionally in modern times, with the exception of his original first success, *Every Man Out of His Humour*.

Despite its age and the fact that many of the then witty allusions convey little or nothing to us now, the play seems very fresh, and astonishingly amusing.

At its opening the audience suffered somewhat from the inaudibility of the players, who were apt to be carried away by their own verbosity, and whose ranting and roaring so hurried their lines that much of the beauty of their English was lost.

Miss Iris Hoey, who gave a rollicking performance as Dol Common, was perhaps the least offending in this respect, and scored, very deservedly, a personal triumph.

The story of the play is one which has been used over and over again, though I doubt if better handling of the obvious situations has ever been achieved, nor others more cleverly contrived.

Love-Wit, during an epidemic of the plague in London, abandoned his town house, leaving it in the charge of his untrustworthy servant, Face (played with considerable variety by Austin Trevor).

Face decides to make the premises pay a dividend while he has the opportunity, and therefore installs Subtle, the Alchemist, and Dol Common, both rogues as he, to commence swindling the gullible public.

Subtle (Hugh Miller) wears the grey hair and grave demeanour of the wisdom of age, when clients come knocking on the barred door, while Face poses as a gallant captain through whose recommendation they come.

At other moments he disguises himself as "Lungs," blower of the furnace above which the philosopher's stone is presumed to be boiling up in a crucible.

Sir Epicure Mammon is the most important client for whom this disguise is necessary. He has paid out much gold to obtain this talisman which he has been gulled into believing will assure him the gratification of his most luxurious desires. While he continues to dream of the joys of a harem far exceeding that of Soloman, and of menus in which doves' tongues in aspic are merely a slight relish, Face collects even more gold from him, both for expenses and as *pourboire*.

While Dol Common collects the gold for their common rogues' fund, Sir Epicure heaves his vast bulk away to collect all his old iron and copper and pots and pans which are to be converted into precious metal, and so give him the means to buy all the pleasure he covets.

Face and Subtle find a better use for the pots and pans, as well as further clients in the "Guardians" of the widows and orphans, also willing to turn base metal into baser.

Ananias and Tribulation Wholesome are sanctimonious in their desire to aid the orphans, and after earnest prayer are greatly relieved to find by revelation that it is in accordance with their religious principles, that the pots and pans shall not be "coined" lest it be unlawful, but "cast" into Dutch shillings and the profit shared out by them all.

Then there is Dapper, a lawyer's clerk, played by John Deverell.

Dapper wants a charm which will help his fortune in gambling. Subtle assures him that for a fee, the Queen of Faery herself will ensure his luck, and dresses Dol up to play the part.

It is indeed a pity that such painstaking enterprise and roguery should be lamentably cut short when real prosperity is in sight. Love-Wit, the master of the house, returns unexpectedly. All is discovered. Yet with great skill Face finds a way of soothing his master's fury.

The "way" is Dame Pliant, (Vera Cook) a widow longing for the joys of matrimony,

So all end, gaining their right rewards in boisterous fun for both audience and players.

CLASSIC COMEDY: Kastrel (Hubert Gregg) and Dame Pliant (Vera Cook), a widow seeking matrimony, in a scene from Ben Jonson's famous play, *The Alchemist*, which was presented last week at the Princes Theatre, Shaftesbury Avenue

THE ONLY WAY: Cornelius (Ralph Richardson), who is contemplating suicide on account of his involved financial affairs, writes a message to the coroner and finds no time for the cheerful pleasantries of his charwoman (Muriel George). A dramatic episode in J. B. Priestley's latest play at the Duchess

VICTORIAN CONVERSATION PIECE: The family congratulate Lady Alton (Thea Holme) on her engagement. A scene from *The Aunt of England* at the Savoy

THE PRINCESS AND THE MAGICIAN: Joan Cross and Ronald Stear, in *The Travelling Companion*, an opera by the British composer Stanford, which was presented at Sadler's Wells on April 3. The libretto is by Sir Henry Newbolt and is based on a story by Hans Andersen

**A Gielgud Production.**—At the New Theatre, with *The Old Ladies* there is, however, no fun at all, although the audience on the first night, seemed to find some of the lines comic.

## *One of the First of Ben Jonson's Plays to be Revived Professionally in Modern Times : Jean Cadell Excels at the New Theatre*

No fun, but wonderful acting, beautifully "worked out" producing by John Gielgud.

The three rooms of a house are shown in section in exactly the same openness as they can be seen in any street during builders' demolition except that naturally they are furnished.

Three old ladies live in the house, Agatha Payne (Edith Evans), sinister, unwieldy, gipsy-like, with a passion for colourful beauty; gentle Lucy Amorest, who has hopes of both a legacy on earth and a well-earned Heavenly reward for sincere piety; May Beringer (Jean Cadell), frightened, desperate, and broken-heartedly lonely after the death of her dog.

Three tragic old ladies finishing their lives.

To a great extent the horror which one cannot help but feel throughout this really gruesome play must be because one is forced to realize that those three old ladies are not unique. That there are hundreds, and perhaps thousands, of them dragging on to half-starving, genteel ends.

Lucy Amorest shows us their pride, their neatness, the sweet kindness which is in them, and the sorrow that there is no one upon whom to spend that kindness. Agatha shows the raging fury of a dominating mind bottled up in a body which cannot carry out its orders, and which becomes unscrupulously lunatic in frustration and greediness. May Beringer shows us the utter loneliness which craves piteously for companionship, yet cannot gain it.

Poor May Beringer! All that she had was a piece of amber given to her by one she had loved. She had no other possessions, no employment, and even her dog was lost to her. She was very battered by life and easily frightened—for her heart was not strong—so when Agatha coveted the amber because of its beauty, she was soon scared into terror of the dominant woman's superstitious warnings.

Up in Agatha's shawl-draped room Agatha put up a very good form of Voodoo, rapping on the wall, creeping to May's door, insisting on reading death into her fortune-telling cards, sinisterly suggesting that May's ill-health was serious.

And May's only refuge was Lucy's room below, and she was too shy, too withdrawn into herself to be able to avail herself of its protection until—it was too late. When in her panic—when as a trapped rabbit she tried to bolt from Agatha, she fainted and was carried there, only to find herself alone and at Agatha's mercy.

And Agatha sat and gloated and glowered until poor May's terror, and her efforts to hide the coveted amber, strained her poor fluttering heart too much. Agatha wrenched it from her lifeless fingers and went, terrified that May's poor ghost might follow in revenge, back to her brooding and the nougat in which her huge bulk's appetite delighted.

Jean Cadell as May Beringer "stole the play."

IN KEITH WINTER'S "WORSE THINGS HAPPEN AT SEA": The pretty secretary (Eileen Peel) finds it difficult to conceal her admiration for the would-be genius (Frank Lawton), even in the presence of his fiancée (Ena Burrill) and his hostess (Yvonne Arnaud)

# Contemporary Art

*Notable Pictures at the London Portrait Society's Exhibition—A Dugdale Canvas Acquired for the Nation*

A HEROINE OF THE SCREEN: Anna Sten in the part of Nana in the film *Lady of the Boulevards*—a study by Robert D. Greenham, R.O.I., R.B.A., which is now on view at the exhibition of the London Portrait Society in the New Burlington Galleries

Another film star who figures in the exhibition of the London Portrait Society. A painting by John A. M. Hay

WENDY BARRIE

BY A MODERN RODIN: A detail of a tomb in Carrara marble by the famous deaf sculptor, Gustinus Ambrosi, of Vienna. It represents an angel lifting the dead to heaven

THE RED JACKET: A magnificent example of the art of T. C. Dugdale which has been presented to the Tate Gallery by Mr. Francis Howard, the well-known collector. The artist has been an exhibitor at the Academy for many years

# THE WORLD OF BOOKS

## *Enid Bagnold Writes a Brilliant Novel with a Fantastic Theme : Some Entertaining Reading in the Autobiography of a Parson's Daughter*

A LITERARY OCCASION : Georges Duhamel (*second from left*), the distinguished French novelist, poet, and playwright, seen at the reception recently given in his honour in London by Beatrice de Holthoir (*right*), who translated into English his novel, *News from Havre*. Also in the picture are Ernest Raymond (*second from right*), author of *Tell England*, and Richard Church

## *The Correspondence of Rajah Brooke and Baroness Burdett-Coutts : French Methods of Colonial Administration Denounced in "Africa Dances"*

THE improbable, the amazingly fantastic, and the spice of wit are to be expected from the author of *Serena Blandish*, but in her new book, NATIONAL VELVET (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.), Miss Enid Bagnold weaves it round a topical and an undeniably realistic account of a Grand National race.

Velvet's father was a local butcher; her mother a giantess of a Channel swimmer. Velvet won a horse in a raffle, trained it, and won the National with it. So much for the not improbable "facts."

But supposing the jockey collapsed after passing the post, was carried to hospital and there discovered to be a girl, none other than Velvet herself? Here is the fantastic twist, and it says something for the author's mastery of detail and the reality of the scene that we feel that Velvet's subsequent disqualification is monstrously unfair. Naturally the girl becomes a National hero as well as a National winner. It is all very right and proper, and the author extracts much sly humour from the attitude of the Press to heroes of an hour.

The story is to be enjoyed equally by those ignorant of horses and races as by others whose love is fortified by many visits to Cheltenham and Aintree. The Brown family are delightful; Mi Taylor a real character. Miss Bagnold shows how the most satisfying fantasy can be made from convincing material and how a fairy story can be presented in modern dress, deliciously sprinkled with wit.

An autobiography with a difference is A PARSON'S DAUGHTER, by Muriel Jardine Parsloe (Faber and Faber. 8s. 6d.), for it is a straightforward, interesting, and human story devoid of literary frills.

Mrs. Parsloe was one of a family of five, and a disturbing one at that, for a rectory can hardly have been a comfortable home for a young lady who refused to wear skirts, and whose chief interest was breaking in horses. But when bad times fell on the family she was able to turn her horse-training to professional account, and in time she married a man with similar interests. They worked hard, roaming as far as the New World, but ill-luck dogged them, and the husband eventually took a job as a gamekeeper.

They were very happy then, but it was short-lived, for the husband died of blood poisoning as the result of a gnat bite. Left alone with her children the author turned to and took the job and found herself being featured in the newspapers as the first woman gamekeeper. Although she did well circumstances were against her once more, and we finish this part of her story on the same note of courage that runs throughout the book.

I hope I have not given the impression of a depressing theme; there is plenty of happiness and good living in Mrs. Parsloe's story. It is the kind of warm, unliterary book that is rare, and a joy to read. I wish the author a great success with it, and how well she deserves it!

One of the most romantic stories, in the true sense of the word, in our English history is the life story of James Brooke, the first white Rajah of Sarawak.

Mr. Owen Rutter has edited a particularly interesting volume of letters on this subject under the title of RAJAH BROOKE AND BARONESS BURDETT-COUTTS (Hutchinson. 18s.).

The correspondence between these two famous figures of the sixties shows two things very clearly. One is the complete lack of support, or even enthusiasm which Rajah Brooke was able at that time to inspire in the British Government, and the other, the powerful influence exerted in this pioneer life by Baroness Burdett-Coutts.

Without her subsidies, frequently and readily given, though never more than a few thousands, it would have been impossible for Sarawak to become what it now is. It was in fact through his benefactress alone that Brooke obtained any recognition for his Sarawak government.

Another point of interest in this story, as revealed by the letters, apart from the problematic love affair between these two, is the fact that Brooke is the

*Reviewed by*

VERNON FANE

first colonial governor of whom we have any trace, who attempted to rule a foreign and barbaric country in the tradition of the native rulers. In this he was very far ahead of his times, and even of ours.

Although he managed gradually to eliminate the head-hunting and the savage piracy he was always in sympathy with the people themselves and never dictatorial in the aggressive way of the self-proclaimed conqueror.

Without the constant help of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, not always merely financial, our first white Rajah would have had an almost impossible task to tackle.

AFRICA DANCES (Faber and Faber. 15s.) is partly a very good book on West African native dances and partly a violent attack on French colonial methods. If you are able to view the denunciations with calm you will enjoy this as I did, purely on the merits of its extraordinary narrative and the even more extraordinary photographs—most of them, I should think, quite unique.

Mr. Geoffrey Gorer met an African negro dancer in Paris last year, and at his suggestion joined him in a motor tour of the French colonies of West Africa and the Gold Coast. They went, ostensibly, wherever there was a new native dance to be seen.

Actually, Mr. Gorer saw far more than dances. He had an inside view of fetichism, such as few foreigners have been able to attain, and, as I have said, he observed one or two of the ways of colonial government.

This is an Africa that is real, that feels and looks real, and Mr. Gorer convinces us by his very matter-of-factness.

In the second week of August 1902 Harry Crowthorne was born. At the time King Edward was being crowned, thus providing Mr. Gathorne-Hardy with his ingenious title, CORONATION BABY (Collins. 7s. 6d.).

The technique of the story is ingenious too, for the author frankly identifies himself with his child hero, standing aside and commenting as the tale progresses. In less competent hands the method could be a little bewildering and even irritating. In effect it is not, for Mr. Gathorne-Hardy handles his digressions with so much charm and pointed comment that they fall naturally into the rhythm and purpose of his book.

The whole is on an even note, for there are no high lights of drama or tragedy in this study of a child of well-to-do parents. Therein lies the skill, and the charm of the book is in the ring of truth in the boy's development from nursery to private school, and in the contemporary scene, so well remembered, so well recorded.

Devourers of detective stories will only need to be told that there is a new book by Mr. H. C. Bailey entitled MR. FORTUNE OBJECTS (Gollancz. 7s. 6d.), and that Mr. Fortune's objections number six in all; that each of them is in the short form of which Mr. Bailey is an acknowledged master; and that they are as good as—and even better than—anything the author has ever done, to send them hot-foot to the bookseller.

Occasional tasters of detective fiction, and even those who wouldn't taste it at any price, will be well advised to make the acquaintance of Mr. Fortune. But be careful: you stand in danger of being converted.

Then there is Lord Gorell's publisher, who makes the astonishing statement that "in response to numerous requests from those who have enjoyed his previous murders, Lord Gorell has happily resorted once more, temporarily at any rate, to crime." Happily we can enjoy the joke as well as the book, which is entitled RED LILAC (John Murray. 7s. 6d.). It is ingenious, convincing, and really thrilling, and if you want more of a detective story, it is far, far better written than most.

Mr. Philip Lindsay is an historical novelist whose method is to re-tell some of the most famous stories in English history within fairly exact limits.

His new book, which I consider his best up to date, is THE LITTLE WENCH (Ivor Nicholson & Watson. 7s. 6d.), and it is the story of Elaine and Lancelot, of Guinevere and Galahad. This is a tale which has almost passed into English folk lore, and it is one of the loveliest and most stirring of all the old tales.

Mr. Lindsay's version of it is an embroidery of the facts as far as we know them, executed with the painstaking, I could almost write loving, touch of one of the tapestry weavers of that very period.

It all depends on whether you like tapestry.

## A BOOK LIST

PHILIP ALLAN.—GREEN ISLE. By Alice Duer Miller. 7s. 6d. SAMPSON LOW.—FARMING AND FOXHUNTING. By Geo. E. Collins ("Nimrod Junior"). Foreword by the Rt. Hon. The Earl of Yarborough. 10s. 6d. ALEXANDER MACLEHOSE & CO.—HOW WE MADE OUR GARDEN. By Alfred T. Harrison. Illustrated. 5s. MILLS & BOON.—THE FORTUNES OF FELICITY ANNE. By Elizabeth Phillips. 7s. 6d. SILENT MUSIC. By Dorothy B. Upson. 7s. 6d. HUTCHINSON.—DEATH'S WHITE WIFE. By C. R. O. Taylor. 7s. 6d. LOVAT DICKSON.—FRIENDLY RELATIONS: A Narrative of Britain's Ministers and Ambassadors to America (1791-1930). By Beckles Willson. Illustrated. 15s. JONATHAN CAPE.—STRAFFORD 1593-1641. By C. V. Wedgwood. Illustrated. 15s. NORTH-WEST BY NORTH: A Journal of a Voyage by Dora Birtles. 10s. 6d. STUFF AND NONSENSE. By "Beachcomber" (J. B. Morton). Illustrations by Nicolas Bentley. 7s. 6d. BETWEEN TWO WORLDS: An Autobiography. By John Middleton Murry. 10s. 6d. POOR REBEL. By Catharine Tennant. 7s. 6d. THE HOUSE I MADE. By Margaret O'Leary. 7s. 6d. I'D LIVE IT AGAIN. By Lieut.-Colonel E. J. O'Meara. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE.—A HISTORY OF EUROPE. By the Right Hon. H. A. L. Fisher. Vol. I. 18s. CHRISTIAN MARLOWE'S DAUGHTER. By Frances Parkinson Keyes. 7s. 6d. WISHART.—DISALLOWED: The Tragedy of the Means Test. By Edward Warburton and Carl Butler. 1s. METHUEN.—AUTUMN FOLIAGE. By Lieut.-Colonel Cyril P. Foley. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. ALL IN THE GAME: Memoirs of the Ring and Other Sporting Experiences. By Norman Clark. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. THE PERJURED ALIBI. By Walter S. Masterman. 7s. 6d. HESPAMORA. By James Francis Dwyer. 7s. 6d. HURST & BLACKETT.—ON THE DRAGON SEAS: A Sailor's Adventures in the Far East. By Ragnar Nyberg and Alvar Zacke. Translated from the Swedish by Edith M. Nielson. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. DUSK AT THE GROVE. By Samuel Rogers. 7s. 6d. HARRAP.—THROUGH FASCIST ITALY: An English Hiker's Pilgrimage. By Roland G. Andrew. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. JOHN LANE THE BODLEY HEAD.—TRIGGER SLIM. By Clem Yore. 7s. 6d. THE TEN MILLION. By Mark Hellinger. 8s. 6d. DUCKWORTH.—THE WINTER GARDEN: Four Dramatic Pieces. By John Galsworthy. Foreword by Mrs. Galsworthy. 5s. LONGMANS.—THE CHINESE FISH. By Jean Bommart. Translated by Milton Waldman. 7s. 6d. THE ROOM OPPOSITE AND OTHER TALES OF MYSTERY AND IMAGINATION. By F. M. Mayor. 7s. 6d. HEINEMANN.—JAM TO-MORROW. By Basil Collier. 7s. 6d. DARK ENCOUNTER. By A. R. Craig. 7s. 6d.

# The Bursting of the Bud

*Three Phases of the Growth of the Horse Chestnut —A Series of Camera Studies Made in Kensington Gardens*

STAGE I: The buds—their scales liberally covered with a gum which gives them a brilliant polish—gradually open and the downy green leaflets come forth into the light of day. Their outline is peculiar and decorative, tapering towards the stem so that each has fair standing room

STAGE II: When the leaves have emerged to the extent shown here they resemble tongues of brilliant green flame, and, in the days of April showers, have a verdure which few other trees can rival. The horse chestnut, useless as it is commercially, must indeed be said to truly possess the gift of beauty

*Pictures by A. Console*

STAGE III: Here the long stems have straightened out and their leaves now droop gracefully downwards like the plumes on a guardsman's helmet. Soon will come the glorious show of blossoms—pyramids of colour that endure for a fortnight and present a scene of splendour that once witnessed is seldom forgotten. The origin of the horse chestnut is doubtful, but it has been suggested that it was introduced into England from Asia in the last years of the sixteenth century. It is the largest of our ornamental trees, and on account of its rapid growth, stately size, and magnificent foliage, is ideally suited to the forming of avenues

# THE SHIP'S CAT

*An Entertaining Series of Pictures taken Aboard H.M.S. "Shropshire"*

"WHAT ABOUT A BLANKET?": The ship's cat, in spite of his winter coat, feels slightly chilly

"THAT'S BETTER": Well wrapped up by an obliging friend and ready for a night's sound sleep

"ROCKED IN THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP": Thomas sleeps soundly in his comfortable hammock, dreaming, no doubt, of his wives in Malta, Gib., and Portsmouth

STOPPING A TROUBLESOME MOLAR

A dog having a tooth filled by Dr. Hugh Dailey at the Canine Dental Clinic of the Angel Memorial Hospital at Boston, Massachusetts

THE LOYAL PET: The bronze statue of Hachiko adorned with tributes to his memory placed there by some of his countless admirers

# HACHIKO, THE FAITHFUL

*Death of a Canine Hero of Japan*

忠犬ハチ公儀十三歳の高齢を以て今朝六時半故主
の下へと昇天致候間此段御通知旁々生前の御厚情
拜謝仕候
追而遺骸は剝製とし上野公園東京科學博物館に永久保存の
事と相成候
昭和十年三月八日
施主 上野八重子
澁谷驛長 吉川忠一
外一同

"WE REGRET TO ANNOUNCE . . .": The obituary notice published in a Japanese newspaper on the day after the death of Hachiko

Few animals have ever captured the public imagination to quite the same extent as Hachiko, the faithful dog who recently died in Tokyo. He was once owned by Professor Ueno, of the Imperial Agricultural College, and it was his habit to go every evening to Shibuya Station, Tokyo, to meet his master. When Dr. Ueno died away from home, Hachiko continued to visit the station and, rain or shine, patiently kept vigil for the man he loved. For eleven years the dog never failed to put in an appearance, and his fame spread throughout Japan. School text books told his story and held him up as an example of devotion, while millions saw his picture in the papers and on the screen. Now Hachiko himself is dead. Buddhist priests have chanted prayers over his body, a funeral has been held in his honour, and a tomb for him is to be erected beside his master's grave

*On right*—VAIN VIGIL: Hachiko waiting for his master at Shibuya Station, Tokyo

# In Holiday Mood

Traditionally, one must have new clothes for Easter if one wants to ensure good luck, and here is an ideal outfit. In navy blue and white spotted crêpe de chine the dress has a gathered panel at the front of the skirt, an attractive puff sleeve, and a cravat which is slotted through the coat. The soft woollen coat is lined with matching crêpe, and the price of the ensemble is 7½ guineas at Debenham and Freebody, of Wigmore Street, W.

*On right*—For week-ends, for tennis, for holiday wear, this beautifully-shaped knitted ribbed jumper suit would be a grand companion. It is made in several colours, with a contrasting bib effect across the front. This is priced at 60s. at Swan and Edgar's, and is worn with a white braid straw hat that costs 45s. 9d.

Two new and very interesting bag and scarf sets from Debenham and Freebody. One in crêpe de chine patterned with vivid circles on a dark or light background. Price, 63s. the set. And the other in checked wool at 21s. 9d. the set

With a long brim that dips at the front and is folded up at the back, this hat of black Panamalac has an intriguing gutter crown and a scarf of black and white tie silk knotted at the sides. It costs 59s. 6d. at Swan and Edgar's, of Piccadilly Circus, W.

THE MARCH OF PROGRESS: Tramlines being removed at Mitcham, which is following the example of other boroughs and making its roads safer for the motorist

# The Petrol World

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.

*(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands, and "Sphere" Motoring Correspondent)*

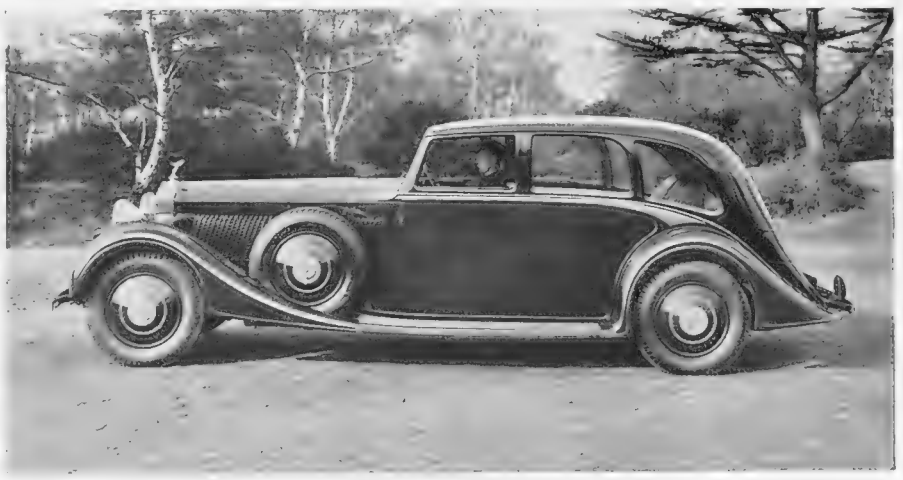
THE first shock occasioned by the imposition of the 30 miles per hour speed limit has passed, and we are beginning to settle down to the new order of things. England is undoubtedly a wonderful country, for it is doubtful if any other nation would have permitted, without the spilling of much blood, the liberties of a large proportion of its population to be curtailed. In actual fact the motoring community have done—and are doing—all they can to give the limit a fair trial. Having travelled well over 1,000 miles since the fateful March 18, I can truthfully say that I have not seen anyone obviously exceeding the 30 m.p.h. limit. At the same time it is only fair to warn the authorities that unless they are perfectly straightforward and remove the inconsistencies which at present exist the new limit will be honoured more in the breach than the observance, as was the case with the old 20 m.p.h. limit years ago.

I doubt whether anyone will ever be able to tell if this new limit is saving life or not, the trouble being that other plans are being tried at the same time, so that if there is an improvement in the number of road casualties it would be quite impossible to say which plan has been responsible.

Some people should be severely censured, or better still lose their jobs, for the ridiculous bungling that took place on March 18. Lord Trenchard's manifesto was more worthy of the Balkan States or Soviet Russia than the British Isles. He obviously saw his own mistake or he would not have issued a second declaration endeavouring to explain away the monstrous proposals contained in the first. Fortunately most people do not believe the rumours that are floating about concerning the measures which the police are supposed to be adopting in order to trap victims, but the mere fact that such rumours can circulate shows the deep resentment aroused by the manifesto, and indicates to my mind that war is being waged between metropolitan motorists and their local police force. When it is remembered that ninety-nine per cent. of these motorists are law-abiding, useful, honoured citizens the state of affairs now existing is not in the best interests of the law.

We cannot blame the present Minister of Transport for the 30 m.p.h. limit, but we are entitled to ask why there was the sudden haste of introducing it on March 18, when the plans for its introduction were very far from being complete. A colossal waste of money has taken place, for all the temporary signs which have been erected will have to be taken down and more permanent ones put up in their place. Another indication that the date was premature is that the signs were not all up in time, and secondly many of them have gone up in what must be the wrong places.

We motorists have another distinct grouse, for we find it exceedingly difficult to spot the de-control signs. We intend to give a fair deal to the authorities and in return we expect to receive equal fairness. In other words we should have been given de-control signs of the same size as those which indicate the beginning of the controlled area.



THE POETRY OF STREAMLINE: A Barker Saloon Limousine mounted on a 40-50-h.p. Rolls-Royce Phantom II chassis, built and supplied by Barker and Co. (Coachbuilders), Ltd., to the order of A. G. Clark, Esq.

To sum the whole matter up, motorists will loyally abide by the 30 m.p.h. limit if the many long straight stretches of road where no possible danger is likely to arise are de-controlled in spite of a row of lamp posts; if the de-control disc is substituted for one having the same diameter as that of the "30" sign; and thirdly, if the police authorities will cease making themselves ridiculous in disguises in order to trap forgetful motorists.

I had an opportunity a week or so ago of trying one of the latest examples of the Austin Seven. My first impression was that this famous pioneer small car had grown up and was almost unrecognisable. After a few hundred miles on the road, however, I was able to discover that all the previous excellent qualities of the Austin "Baby" were retained and that many more delightful new ones had been added. Nine or ten years ago I drove an Austin Seven for twenty-four months, and since then I have always looked upon it as one of the world's finest motor cars, but I have always feared that because it was so good popular demand would force Sir Herbert Austin to give more accommodation, then increase the engine size, until nothing of the original remained. By introducing the 10-h.p. Austin Sir Herbert has been able to preserve the Austin Seven without too much alteration.

The car now has a four-speed gearbox, with synchro-mesh on each change. This is a refinement of which very few cars indeed can boast. The engine appeared to have far greater power than ever before, for I found that I could reach 55 m.p.h. on the speedometer without any great difficulty. This is rather remarkable because the weight of the entire vehicle must have grown quite appreciably. Never before have I driven an Austin Seven with such good brakes and such comfortable suspension. Then again, the equipment of the car has been improved almost beyond recognition. For instance, the owner now has separate head-lamps, in addition to the side-lights, a foot dimming-switch, and an illuminated dashboard. In fact it would be difficult to add anything useful to the accessories provided. Perhaps the cleverest part of the design is the provision of such ample body space for four grown-up people in such a comparatively small wheelbase. I believe the saloon which I drove was termed a *de luxe* model, but whatever it was it impressed me as being a most desirable motor car to own. I drove it for four days, and as far as I could ascertain it was just as cheap to run as the Austin Sevens were in days gone by.

The great firm of C. C. Wakefield and Co., Ltd., are to be congratulated on contributing in the past to the cause of cheap and efficient motoring. Castrol oil has always been popular because it has been a really good lubricant sold at a reasonable price. Now this well-known firm have given the motorist a new oil which will make the name Castrol even more honoured in the future. Much has been written and much time spent in discussion about the short life of the average engine. Frequently after 20,000 miles the bores of the cylinders have to be re-bored, a proceeding which is expensive and naturally annoying. The firm of C. C. Wakefield and Co., Ltd., have discovered in their researches that the cause of this trouble is erosion rather than wear. They have been fortunate in finding a chromium compound which will mix with oil, or rather, become soluble, and by experiment they have come to the conclusion that by using Castrol oil mixed with this chromium compound cylinder bores are, as it were, chromium plated.

I do not mean that if the cylinder walls are examined that they will be found to have a complete coating of chromium. Rather do I intend to convey that the same effect is obtained as if they were chromium plated. One would have thought that having made this discovery the Castrol people would have been content, but that was not the case, for they then set themselves the task of preventing the formation of sludge and even stopping the oil in the engine from being completely discoloured. Briefly, the oil in the engine is acted on at high temperature by the ever-present oxygen. To prevent this undesirable change in the oil itself seemed almost impossible but the Castrol people made a second discovery of a secret process whereby a minute quantity of an oil soluble tin compound may be added to oil in perfect solution. This tin compound delays the formation of sludge and gum in oil. The firm was so convinced of the excellence and the certainty of their new product that they submitted it to exhaustive tests by the National Physical Laboratory and to an official test by the Royal Automobile Club. The latter test in particular was most illuminating. For 10,000 miles an 18-h.p. Austin car filled with the new oil was run on the road without stopping the engine.

The R.A.C. never makes a statement in any of its reports that is not strictly accurate so that no one can fail but be impressed by the following remarks contained in the report of the test, "No sludge or deposit," "little carbon deposit," "consumption of 6,118 miles per gallon," "all working parts in good condition." Those observations were made after an examination at the conclusion of the 10,000 miles. This new oil is now on sale everywhere and is known as Wakefield Patent Castrol; the prices remain as they were before and there is no alteration in the various grades which are already in existence.

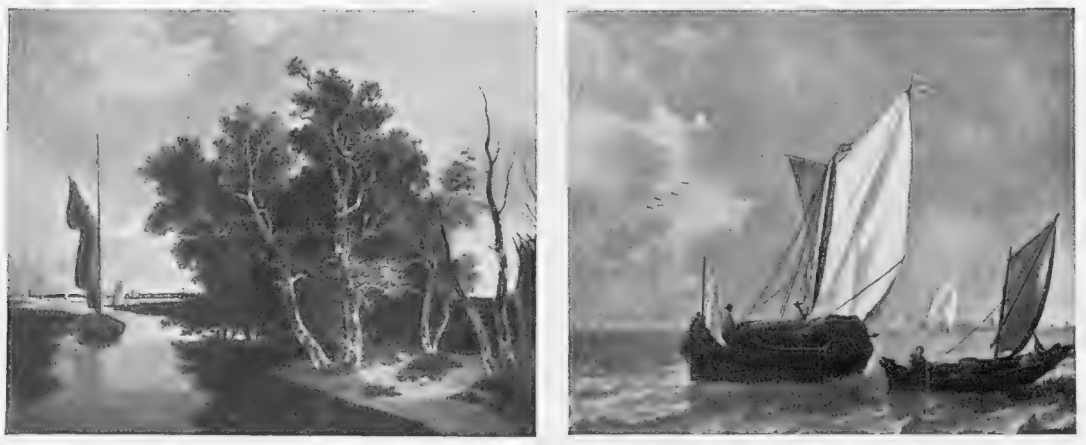
ILLUMINATED PEDESTRIAN CROSSINGS: In order to assist the motorist in distinguishing the crossings lighted studs are being fixed in the roadway—in Paris!

BERLIN'S BELISHA BEACON: A curious traffic pillar studded with more than a hundred glass discs erected experimentally on an island in Nollendorffplatz

There was an old fellow named Hughes
Who suffered each day with the blughes;
Till his doctor laconic
Said "Daily—Schweppes Tonic"...
Now the roseate Hughes blughes eschughes.

Schweppes
TONIC WATER
does you Good

TREASURES IN GLASS AND STONE: Three notable pieces offered at the sale of pottery, glassware, and other works of art, held at Sotheby's this week. *Left*—A pear-shaped ewer, of the thirteenth century, brought to light at Rhages, Persia. *Centre*—A rare inscribed Jacobite glass which bears an inscription commemorating the Martyrdom of Charles I on January 30, 1648. *Right*—An armorial glass engraved with the arms of William IV of Orange and with an equestrian portrait of him. It is mounted on a stem of a later date



SIGNS OF IMPROVING TIMES: "Wherries on the Yare" (*left*), by John Crome, and "Homeward Bound" (*right*), by Aelbert Cuyp, which were disposed of for 750 guineas and 1,050 guineas respectively at the recent sale at Christie's of the collection of pictures formed by the late Mr. Walter de Zoete, of Layer Breton Lodge, Colchester. The bidding was of the keenest character, and these two canvases both nearly doubled the prices paid for them in the 'eighties

A SHOCK FOR MILAN: "The Virgin and Child"—one of the paintings by Andrea Mantegna in the possession of Prince Trivulzio, owner of the magnificent art collection which for years has been the pride of Milan and which, it is now reported, is to be sold to a group of Piedmontese financiers acting on behalf of the City of Turin. An initial payment of 10,000,000 lire (£172,000) was decided upon at the signing of the preliminary agreement

ST. JAMES THE GREATER OF COMPOSTELA: A stone carving which was offered for sale at Sotheby's on Thursday of this week. Legend has it that this Apostle actually preached in Spain, and in the Middle Ages it was generally believed that he was buried at Santiago de Compostela

# Dispersal of the de Zoete Collection

## Some Spirited Buying at Christie's and Sotheby's

With the filling up of London for the early season and the approach of the Silver Jubilee, the London Sale Rooms have become very busy, and the first two weeks of April have seen some spirited buying. Last week was largely occupied by the dispersal of the collection of the late Mr. W. M. de Zoete of Layer Breton, Colchester. The bronzes, sculpture, and ceramics were sold by Messrs. Sotheby, and the furniture and pictures by Messrs. Christie.

The pictures sold at Christie's on the 5th showed clearly that the late Mr. de Zoete had a generalized appreciation for all kinds of pictures, collecting the works of Italian, German, Spanish, Dutch, and French masters. At the same time he did not neglect the English painters, and had a particular fondness for the works of John Crome and his son. The delightful example of John Crome, "Wherries on the Yare," realized 750 guineas, but "Yarmouth Water Frolic," by the younger Crome showed a great drop in price. It was sold in 1894 for £2,730, but last week reached only £240, a fall which seems out of all reason, except perhaps that the earlier price was in excess of the artist's usual saleroom value, and also that the picture in 1894 was ascribed to the elder Crome.

The highest price in the afternoon was obtained for a picture by Aelbert Cuyp, "Homeward Bound in a Stiff Breeze off the Dutch Coast," for which 1,050 guineas was given. Someone must have been very anxious to obtain a Cuyp for his collection, for after all it was not the best example of the Dutch master's work. Gainsborough's "Returning to the Farm," showing cattle being driven across a ford, was not received with great enthusiasm, and fell for 150 guineas. "A Portrait of a Gentleman," by B. von der Helst, who was the founder of the Painters' Guild of St. Luke in Amsterdam, realized 660 guineas; and a Dutch landscape, "A View on the Wort," by J. van Goyen, fetched 500 guineas. A delightful picture, "The Young Falconer," by Andrew Geddes, the Scottish artist, who became A.R.A. in 1831, attracted some brisk bidding till the hammer fell at 210 guineas. There were two pictures on panels—quite small, about 8 in. by 6 in.—by the sixteenth-century Court painter, Corneille de Lyon, who was attached to the French Court of Henri II, painting the notabilities of the time. One of these tiny portraits, "Portrait of a Gentleman," was bought for 350 guineas.

The English water colours from the well-known collection of Mr. A. A. Allen made an interesting and somewhat surprising sale at Sotheby's on April 4th. There were several examples of Turner which had not been in the sale room since 1912, when high prices were frequent. They have not proved a good financial venture on the part of Mr. Allen as most of them dropped very heavily in price. "Thun with the Alps beyond" apparently seesaws in value—its history is as follows: in 1872 it was sold for 280 guineas; in 1912 for 1,350 guineas; and last Friday for 280 guineas. Another Turner "Sisteron, Basses Alpes," dropped from 1,000 guineas to £230, and "Llanthony Abbey" from 400 guineas to £240. The drawings of David Cox also failed to climb to their former level—"Hardwick Hall" dropped from £330 to £130.

But the lesser masters were well appreciated and sold remarkably well, particularly a very fascinating drawing by J. S. Cotman "A Street Scene in the Tyrol" which was bought for £320.

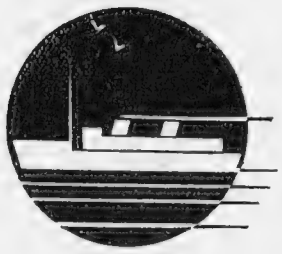
Artists of to-day hear of the success of Alma Tadema with wonder and surprise. Here was a painter who never struggled in a garret studio, starving as he painted, but on the contrary one who had all the fame and success he could possibly hope for. Everyone clamoured for his pictures, so much so that he was able to obtain £5,000 for some of them, and even after his death high prices could be obtained for his work in the sale rooms.

Of late years, however, purchasers seem to fight shy of his larger historical pictures and it will be interesting to see what will be the result of the sale of May 3, when four of his important pictures are to be sold. They were commissioned by the late Sir John Aird, the engineer and builder of the Assouan Dam, who took Alma Tadema as his guest to Egypt to see for the first time the country he had so long been painting. The sight of the Nile apparently inspired "The Finding of Moses" which is said to have occupied him for two years, and which was painted at Sir John Aird's commission.

B. H.

# CLOTHES

## IN A HURRY... HERE!



You want some clothes in a hurry? You must have them to-morrow, even to-day? Well, jump into a taxi and drive to any of the addresses below. You will be astonished by the choice awaiting you, not only the choice of cloths, but also at the choice of fit. And choice of the most subtle kind, so that if you have shoulders like a rowing man, or a slight stoop, or a preference for a loose fitting, or the habit of carrying a deal of your belongings in your pockets, there are clothes here that you will be able to slip on and feel comfortable in. This is what we call good tailoring.

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P.845

AN HISTORIC SITE THREATENED: Two views taken at Nonsuch Park, Cheam, in the grounds of which the Surrey County Council intends to erect a girls' secondary school. Local residents are intensely indignant at the idea, as this is the only remaining country property of any size within fifteen miles of London, and its desecration would shatter an unbroken association with the life of past centuries and make inroads into what it is still hoped may be preserved as part of the projected "green belt" round the Metropolis. *Left*—The house, part of which dates from the time of Charles II. *Right*—The old wall surrounding the park

The accompanying pictures make it easy to understand why there has been such an outcry at the threatened breaking-up of Nonsuch Park, the beautiful demesne of the palace erected by Henry VIII and used by his successors until the time of Charles II. While the family of the present resident, the Hon. Mrs. A. A. Colborne, are aware that the struggle to maintain ownership in the face of crushing taxation is nearing an end, they are nevertheless anxious to preserve the integrity of the property during the present owner's lifetime. Beyond that it seems that there is little prospect of cherishing for another generation the wide open spaces and wooded copses which are already hemmed in by suburban buildings. Questions have already been asked in Parliament about the matter, and, although the First Commissioner of Works seems unwilling to intervene, there is a distinct prospect that the place may be temporarily respited.

BEAUTY IN DANGER: The famous avenue of elms that led to the royal palace which once stood in Nonsuch Park. This delightful vista would be completely ruined if the Surrey County Council carried out its proposals

## THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP.

You who love children, please help the Society to maintain 1,100 poor boys and girls in the Society's various Homes and Training Ship *Arethusa*. Donations and legacies are earnestly solicited, and it is now that help is needed to meet the heavy daily expenditure. There is no finer work than that of training young children to become good and useful men and women. All gifts will be gratefully acknowledged from 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.


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For bigger car motoring Vauxhall offers the 1935 Big Six—a big, roomy car in the true Vauxhall tradition with a choice of either a 20 h.p. or 27 h.p. six-cylinder engine. It is a product of a famous British factory that has been building fine quality cars for over thirty years, where precision engineering has become so much of a habit that it is now a matter of course.

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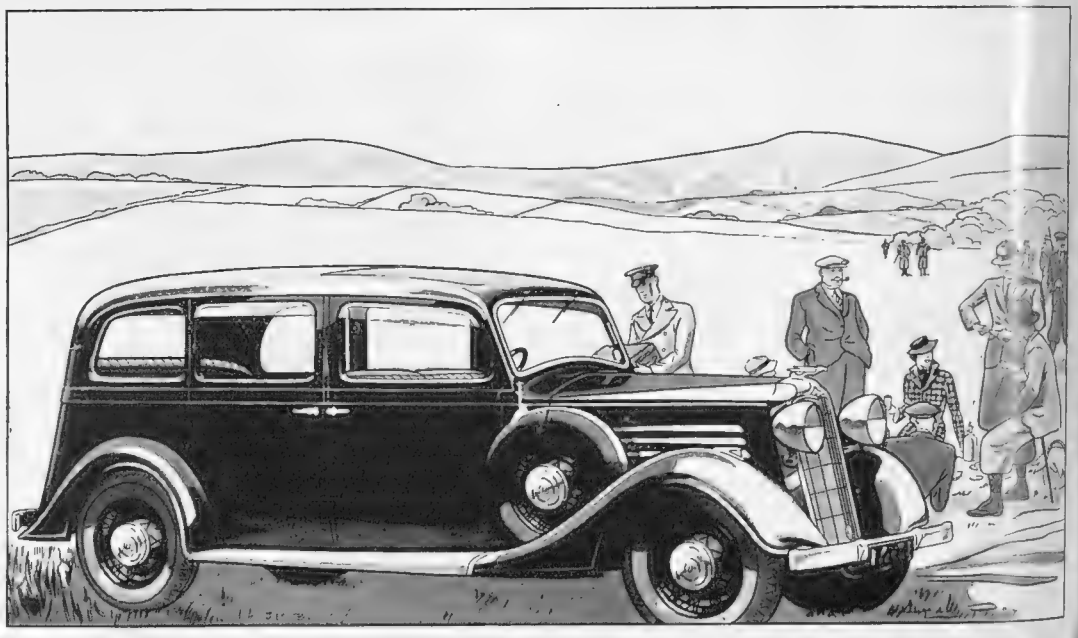

There are two chassis types of Vauxhall Big Six. The Standard chassis with 20 h.p. or 27 h.p. engine for five-seater coachwork. The Regent chassis (with 19 ins. extra wheelbase, larger tyres with two spares, etc., 27 h.p. engine only) for seven-seater and specially roomy coachwork. Full particulars from your local Vauxhall dealer.

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*(illustrated above)*

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Pytchley sliding roof. Extra wide doors. Built-in luggage boot at the rear.

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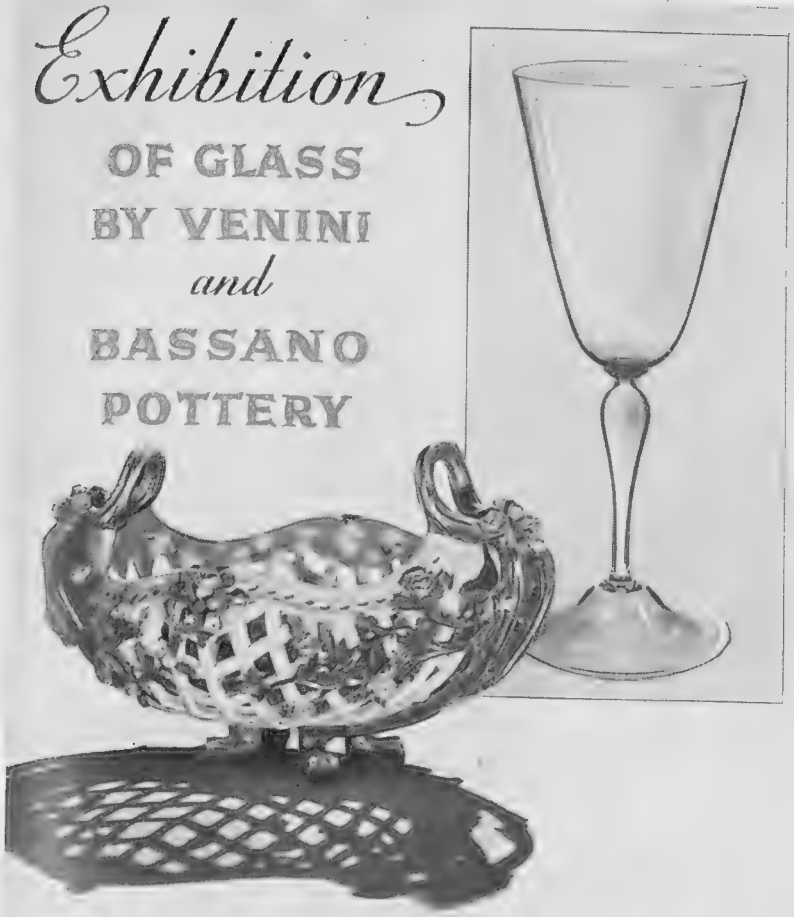

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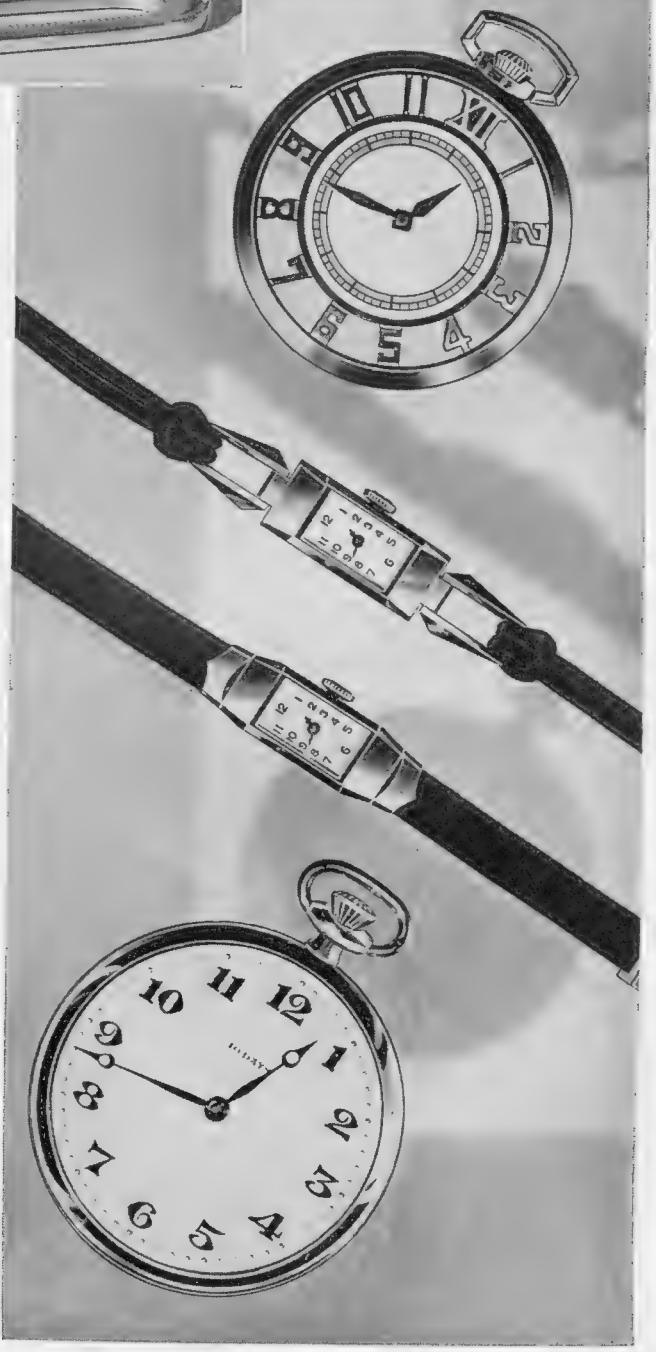

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NUMBER 3
PLAIN OR CORK-TIPPED

3.P.26

# EASTER OFFERINGS

## Some Charities where Need is Greatest

### THE EAST END MISSIONS

The East End Missions are just now planning to give some 17,000 slum children a day's holiday by the sea. A day's holiday seems short enough, and the cost per child small enough—it is 2s. per head. But most of them have never seen the sea, and the day will mean a great deal to them—and 17,000 times 2s. is £1,700. Any help you can give towards this will earn something more than gratitude, and will be a great encouragement to those who are voluntarily devoting their spare time to the work of the missions. Fifty years ago the missions had only one centre, St. George's Hall, Stepney. Now there are seven, and 26,000 people use them every week. The full value of everything that is done there is really known only to the Superintendent, the Rev. Percy Ineson, who will be glad to give further details to anyone who is interested. His address is Stepney Central Hall, Commercial Road, London, E.1.

### THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

Unemployment and depression cast their shadow deepest over the lives of the young, and the work of the Shaftesbury Homes and *Arethusa* Training ship is now of more vital importance than ever. More than 30,000 boys have passed through the organization since it was founded, and have gone out into the world as upstanding, independent youngsters. The life both on the training ship and in the homes is simple and healthy, and the Society makes a point of not losing touch with the boys and girls after they have left. The interest of the Prince of Wales in this work is well known, and there can be no stronger plea for its support than his reminder that it is dependent on voluntary contributions. Subscriptions should be sent to the Secretary, the Shaftesbury Homes and *Arethusa* Training Ship, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.2.

### ST. PETER'S KITCHENS

This is a very important charity, and it is of particular importance at the present moment because the kitchens are in danger of having to close down shortly for lack of funds. This means, to put it brutally, that the people who have benefited by the 35,000 free hot meals which have been served this year will again be driven to scavenging for food in dustbins and gutters. That such things are still possible we are apt to forget, but having been reminded there can surely be no question about responding generously to such an appeal. The address of St. Peter's Kitchens is Peter Street, Soho.

### THE ROYAL SURGICAL AID SOCIETY

The Royal Surgical Aid Society, of which the address is Salisbury Square, Fleet Street, E.C.4, exists to meet a very real need in helping to provide surgical appliances for those whose requirements are of the utmost importance, but who, in the ordinary way, could never hope to be able to incur the expense of purchasing them. In the seventy-five years of its existence the Society has been able to assist in the relief of untold cases of acute physical suffering, and has, indeed, answered no fewer than 1,550,000 requests for help. This is truly Christian work, and in view of the inevitably heavy cost of making many types of surgical appliance, it deserves particularly sympathetic consideration.

### DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES

The work done by Dr. Barnardo's Homes can never be taken for granted, even though it is going on unceasingly and unostentatiously from one year's end to another, for since the first model village was established in 1873 the scope of the undertaking has extended out of all knowledge. Now, for instance, there are some 350 boarding-out centres in various parts of the country, where 2,700 children—destitute not long ago—may enjoy the transforming benefits of healthy, rural surroundings before entering the larger homes, where they will be trained in the best traditions of citizenship. It is essential that this work, which is national in its importance, should be carried on. And it can only be carried on if the support of a generous public is forthcoming. No gift is too small to be gratefully appreciated, for 25,000 meals have to be provided every day, and on an average every day brings five new children into the great Barnardo family. Address your subscription to the Right Hon. Lord Ebbisham, G.B.E., Dr. Barnardo's Homes, 18 to 26, Stepney Causeway, London, E.1.


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**Please take a part in this work for destitute children.**

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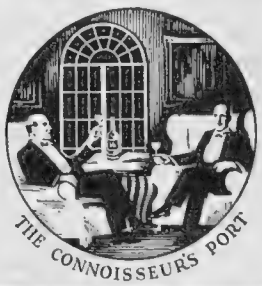

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## A GLUT OF ALIENS

*(Continued from p. 58)*

studied. As things stand, and baldly put, when a refugee's job is required for a Frenchman—often it is not a case of a refugee at all but just of a foreigner—some trumpery offence is thought out against the *étranger* and he is shown the Swiss, Belgian, or some other frontier where the outcast is refused admission, has to turn back, is promptly arrested by the French for ignoring an expulsion order, and cast into prison. Nor need it be asked: what becomes of wives and children in such cases?

Deportations are being carried out extensively in secret, with no reasons given by local officialdom. One plan with foreigners who have passports, such as Poles, is to pay the fare of whole families to the nearest frontier and there dump them. Expelled people who manage to evade the police but who have had their papers taken from them, cannot even find lodgings, much less a few hours' work for bread.

It is sad to note in this regard how aliens belonging to countries with which France is not on good terms receive severe treatment. Germans, Hungarians and Poles are just at present getting the rawest deal, with Russians being better looked after. An effort is however being made to weed out on the score of usefulness or the reverse. Thus, Belgians earn top marks by a long way, with Sidis, Spaniards, Chinese, and Armenians at the bottom. The 65,000 Spaniards who are on the land and vineyards of the Midi are good material and the intention is to try to retain the greater part. The real trouble is not on the land so much as in the big cities and centres of industry. Here the jobless and freely penniless alien is offering a problem in view of his violence and challenge to law and order. There is also so much potential "red" material about.

It seems obvious that France is bound to be left with very great foreign labour (she may need it again!); that she may in course of time be able to weed out several hundred thousand of the less-wanted without incurring too much criticism in other lands, but that the League should come to her aid over still other categories. If France was shortsighted in the past, it has to be borne in mind that in opening her frontiers she was responsible for relieving much potential suffering and cruelty elsewhere.

The position now is that the French Government is planning to deport a further minimum of 150,000 before the end of the year, plus families. An excited public is clamouring for three times as many deportations—believing, in its inebriation, that foreigners have only to vacate jobs for unemployed Frenchmen to step, presto! into same.

This entire refugee problem cries out to be taken up anew at Geneva. So far the Jews, by raising £1,000,000 for their co-racial victims, are the only ones who have done a thing. The League has actually *loaned* £1,000 to the Refugee High Commissioner!

[With reference to figures quoted above, I may not have made it clear that the two or three "millions" of foreigners are not all workers, but include families and dependants. The total of aliens working with permits is believed to be between 800,000 and 900,000.]

## BELGIUM'S BLACK FRIDAY

*(Continued from p. 60)*

and bended heads. Beer went flat in the glass; coffee went cold in the thick, chipped cup; cigars gave up the ghost in dirty ash-trays; and in the end, no one was the wiser.

The Brussels women were more active and practical. They gathered their uncertain francs together and rushed off to the rue Neuve. The big, bright shops along that narrow street, with their spring displays and their gifts of toy balloons, became crowded. A manager of one of these stores informed me, on the day before the declaration of the Government's policy, that the demand for the more expensive class of goods had been almost double the normal. Goods had acquired more solidity than currency possessed, and the thrifty Belgian woman was determined to put her franc to full use while she may; and with the sense of the race, she turned the day into a holiday.

Of actual panic there was none. There has been no cause for panic. The figures to which I referred earlier in this article are there as evidence of fundamental health in the country's international trade. What is needed, even above a stable currency, is a stable government, and that will not be easy to find. At the moment all parties are divided on the monetary question; and, although devaluation has gained much new support in certain influential quarters, the bulk of the people is dead against it. The men responsible for the devaluation of the franc cannot hope for popularity; at best they may be tolerated. Meanwhile, Antwerp and the summer resorts will profit; and there may be an increased flow of visitors to the Brussels International Exhibition this year.

## TRAMPS OF THE SEA

*(Continued from p. 64)*

disappearing off the face of the sea. If the British tramp industry had been a manufacturing industry it would doubtless have had protection long ago—let us say a 20 per cent. tariff. But it is not possible to protect the shipping industry. There is nothing coming into the country which you can tax. So it is that a temporary subsidy has been forced upon the shippers. It is one of the misfortunes of the industry that patriotism seems to wilt whenever it is a question of money. Merchants who want a ship to take their goods from one port to another will be influenced solely by the rate and not by the flag the ship flies.

What makes the owners of tramp steamers really foam at the mouth is to listen to the criticisms levelled against the industry by the Labour Party in the recent House of Commons debates. Mr. Arthur Greenwood has talked about "slums at sea," laying particular emphasis on the conditions suffered by our sailors and firemen. His remarks are grotesque. Conditions to-day are just as they were when the Labour Party was in power. If conditions were as bad then, why was there no regulation from the Board of Trade? If the truth be known, the conditions in British ships are probably the best, just as the wages of British seamen are the highest in the world. One cannot say, of course, that there are not ships sailing to-day which would not be built to-day. When a ship is twenty years old—then it is old. The ships being built to-day will, one trusts, be out of date in the same way in thirty years' time. As to wages, it was hoped by several people that the President of the Board of Trade would put into the Subsidy Bill a clause that the subsidy would not be possible unless the shipowner paid the standard rate of wages as laid down by the Maritime Board.

Meantime there is no industry in which there has been more permanent peace than in the tramp shipping industry. It has not yet lost its most invaluable quality, the real touch between employer and employed, though this has been lost in almost every other industry. In time, of course, it too will go, but meanwhile every effort is made to keep personal touch between the men in the tramp steamers and the directors who sit in their office managing their affairs.

There is a final point—the number of foreigners employed by British owners. Actually the percentage of foreign seamen on tramp ships is under 7 per cent. Many tramp ships do not return to this country for a period of several years. They are built over here and sent out to some distant part of the world where they carry on trade. It is sometimes necessary when trading in certain parts to employ a small percentage or even a full complement of foreign seamen. In a thousand little ways in international trading it is found necessary to employ a certain number of foreign seamen.

Well, here we are in April. The first quarter of 1935 is up. The claims from the various tramp owners have come in and are now being investigated. Let us hope that they will not be too large and that the majority of the tramp owners have decided to use the subsidy in cutting freights instead of sending as many empty ships as possible seeking for trade in order to get the maximum amount of cash from the Government.

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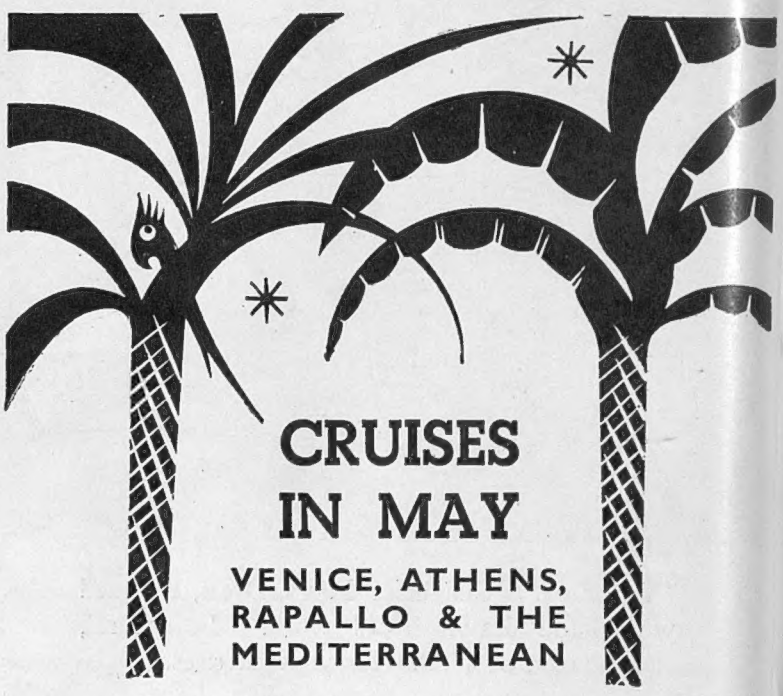

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# TRAVEL NOTES of the WEEK

## Answers to Enquirers

**T., Berks (Africa).**—The return fare by Imperial Airways from London to Moshi, Tanganyika, is £196 4s., which includes all transport, accommodation at hotels where necessary, all meals, and tips. It would not be possible to make the return journey in one week. There is a service from London on Wednesdays and Sundays, arriving at Moshi on Tuesdays and Saturdays. In the reverse direction the 'plane leaves Moshi on Fridays and Mondays, arriving in London on Thursdays and Sundays. The return 1st class fare by Union Castle Line from Southampton to Mombasa ranges from £108. There is a train from Mombasa to Moshi only once a week, leaving Mombasa on Fridays and arriving in Moshi on Saturday, while the train for Mombasa leaves Moshi on Sundays arriving in Mombasa on the Monday. Therefore you would be compelled to stay either one night or eight days in Moshi. The return 1st class fare from Mombasa to Moshi is £4 3s. 3d., and there is a supplement of a few shillings for the use of bedding and linen. Moshi is, of course, at the foot of Mount Kilimanjaro, the best time to make a visit there being during the dry season, which is roughly from October to March.

**H., Derbyshire** (motor cycling tour on the Continent).—The 2nd class return fare from London to Strasbourg via Dover-Ostende is £7 16s. 6d.: passengers leaving London at 2 p.m. and arriving in Strasbourg at 7.57 the following morning. The Southern Railway could register your motor cycle as far as Ostende, the charge being 13s. 11d. each way. From Ostende you would have to register it through to Strasbourg, the charge being 8 Belgian francs per 10 kilograms (1 kilogram = 2·2046 lbs.). By joining the A.A. you can obtain a Customs carnet and international driving licence, and we strongly advise you to do this, for without these papers you would find touring on the Continent most inconvenient and indeed hardly practicable. You could probably manage in Germany on 8 to 10s. per day, provided you buy registered marks, but we doubt whether you would find this adequate in Italy or Switzerland, particularly in view of the fact that the cost of petrol on the Continent is much higher than in England. We think you would be wiser to allow about 12s. per day in Switzerland and Italy, and even so you will have to seek out the smallest and simplest hotels or inns.

**G., Worc.** (Dalmatia).—Crikvenica is a bathing resort a short distance south of Susak, and therefore easily reached from Venice or Trieste. There is an excellent sandy beach at Crikvenica, which is extremely popular with Jugo-Slavian and Croatian families during the summer months, though it is far from being a sophisticated resort. The scenery is very lovely, though the excursions which can be made by road are limited. However, it is possible to make a number of steamship excursions to the lovely islands of the Dalmatian archipelago. The two best and equally good hotels in Crikvenica are the Mirimare and the Therapis, where the charge during the summer would be about 10s. per day. Applications for reservations should be made well in advance.

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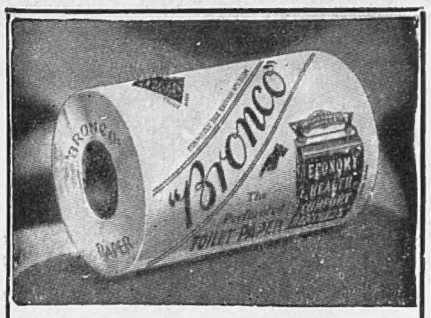


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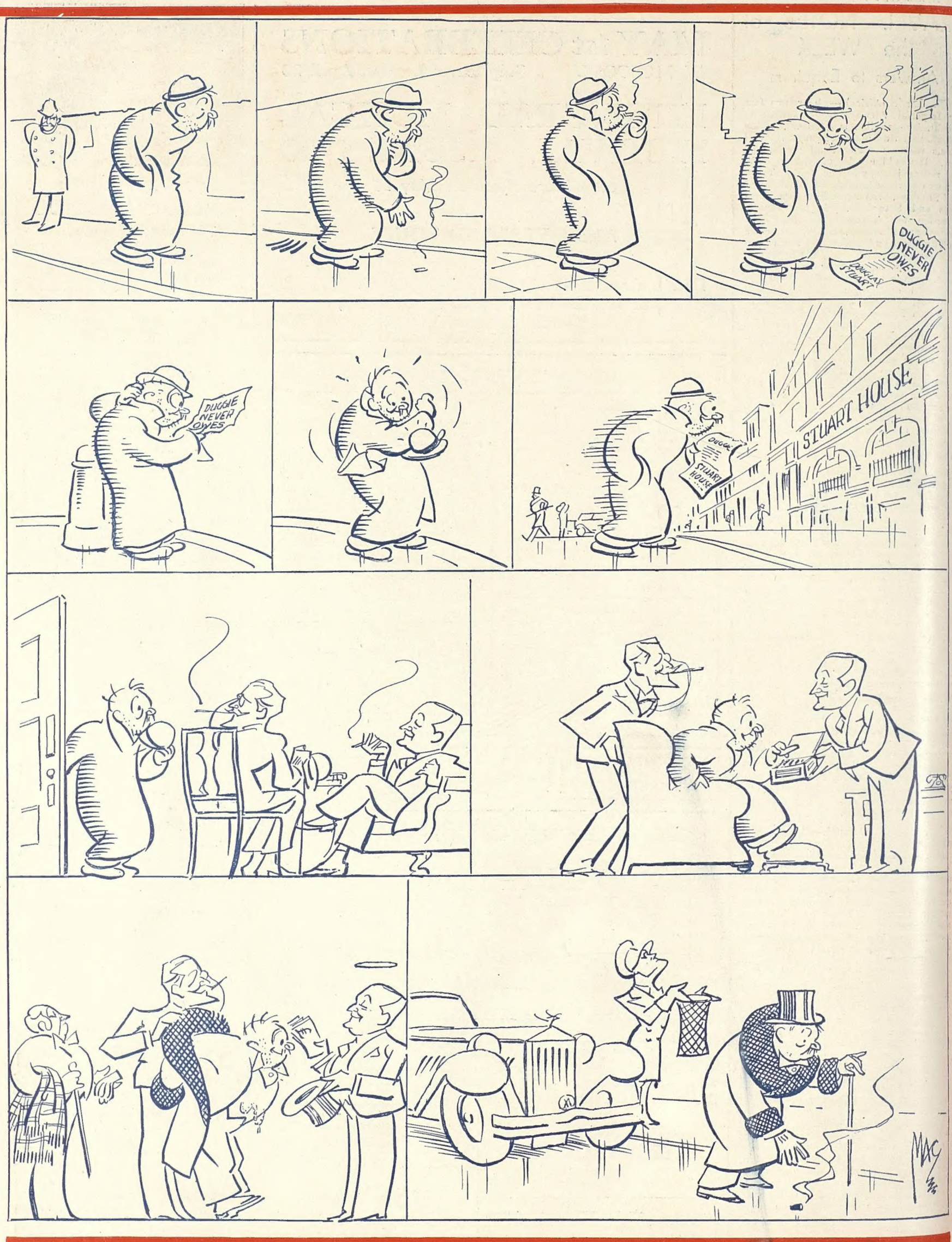


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